

A JOURNEY TO HELL



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The beginning

She'd been bugging him for over two weeks now. Shawn and his best bud Jesse had been looking forward to this post graduation trip with their friends and she just wouldn't quit nagging. It was gonna be nothing short of spectacular. A week of seriously lewd, unrestrained, unsupervised fun with tons of booze all contained in the four syllables of a pretty little word: 'Tijuana'. All the cool LA kids did it, and even though the four of them lived in Phoenix, Arizona, they wanted in on the fun. It was kinda like a rite of passage between high school and college 'cause word had it that you could pretty much do anything you wanted down there in Mexico and get away with it scott free, as long as you were American and had a few bucks on you. Of course that meant leaving your girlfriends home cause where would the fun be in bringing them along? Much better

to lie through your teeth and tell them you were going 'camping with the guys' somewhere in the mountains. It was the perfect plan, right? Yeah, except that Julie now wanted her older brother Francis to tag along which clearly complicated things, to put it mildly.

"You know he doesn't have many friends..." she said to Shawn for the umpteenth time, while they were in her room.

"Now that's a shocker!" He snorted in reply "He's a total loser. Even you don't wanna hang out with him! Why do I have to..." he complained but she cut him off.

"That's not true, c'mon, he's just a little shy..." she replied, trying to sound convincing.

"Haha! Yeah, he's shy. THAT's the problem!" he said with heavy sarcasm, crossing his arms behind his head. She really couldn't take a hint, could she?

"And you know he likes you, he's always talking about you..." she purred.

"That's cause he's a fag! C'mon, I know it, you know it! Pretty sure he'd kill to be in your place right now!" he boasted, rather smugly.

She stopped licking his balls and looked up at him. He studied her face for a moment. She sure was pretty with her long auburn hair and green eyes that were practically begging at this point. Part of her nose and mouth were hidden by his dick and balls that right now desperately wanted to be serviced.

"Shawn... pretty please..." she was pouting like crazy and she started giving little kisses to his ballsack.

He rolled his eyes. He was only human, after all.

"Fine!" he said, exasperated, "You win. He can come as long as you stop being such a pain in the ass!"

She giggled with delight.

"Thanks babe. You won't regret it, I promise!"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever!" he grunted, not at all happy. "Now you better be giving me some seriously awesome head, got it?!" he pointed to her smiling face which was blissfully nestled right between his legs "And remember, you promised to swallow all of it this time!" he added, sort of irritably.

She winked at him:

"Anything for my baby..." she mouthed and got to work.

"Dude, I'm really sorry!"

"Hey, man, c'mon, she was licking your balls and you caved! Happens to the best of us, bro, don't even sweat it!" Jesse told Shawn in a sincerely understanding tone.

That was one of the many reasons why they were such good buds. They got each other but most importantly they always had each other's back. There had never been secrets between the two of them. The boys shared just about every detail of their teenage life, so much so that some would say sometimes they could almost read each other's mind. That particular afternoon they were hanging in Jesse's garage which was full of all the junk his parents didn't want around the house. Shawn was sitting on a high stool and his friend was leaning against an old worktable opposite

him. A couple of strikingly handsome young jocks. The former had brown hair, a little on the light side and very penetrating cerulean eyes. His chiseled features and a trained swimmer's body completed the extremely desirable picture. Jesse's eyes, on the other hand, were hazel and he had rather lush dark hair, combed on one side. He had that latino vibe going for him, courtesy of his Puertorican heritage, but he wasn't quite as tall as Shawn. Now that had never been a problem because anyone who knew him could have told you that he simply was one of those guys who always got the girl he wanted. No question about it. He was a little more colorful in his personal choice of words when he would joke about it, though. "Yep, I'm short, so what? The second I whip it out, they all know who's boss!" He'd say, which earned him shitloads of respect within the pack.

Shawn looked at him, a little worried:

"What are we gonna do, man?! That stupid geek is gonna blab to Julie the second we get to Tijuana

and..." he warned "...if Julie finds out so does that dumb meat toilet you're fucking!"

"Hey! Have a little respect, will ya? I love my girlfriend!" Jesse countered with mock indignation.

"Sure you do, bro!" chuckled Shawn "That's why you blindfold her and pimp her out to your little brother and his friends!" they both laughed "Seriously, dude, she must've been fucked by half the sophomores in Phoenix by now! Just outta curiosity, how much did you make off her?"

"Well, let's just say she almost paid for this entire trip!" They cracked up and fist bumped each other.

"How does she not notice that it's not you?" Shawn asked, genuinely curious.

"Cause she's dumb as fuck, bro!" they cackled.

Then Jesse said more seriously: "Look, man, we'll find a way to make him keep his mouth shut." he reassured him, scratching his head pensively "And who knows, maybe he's even gonna turn out to be useful..." he left it hanging but he had a funny little smirk on his face which usually meant some bright idea was on its way.

"Who? Francis 'Assface' Grant?" Shawn frowned, highly doubting that was gonna be the case.

"Yeah, didn't you say he's a faggot?" Jesse asked.

"Yeah, so?"

"So, he'll be perfect for cleaning after us!" Jesse stated simply "Dude, think about it! Do you really wanna waste your time there doing fucking housework?" the brunette asked, now smirking widely.

"Duh, no!"

"Well, then, that's where he comes in! He'll make our beds, clean our bathroom, cook our meals and everything else we'll 'ASK' him to do." he made quotation marks with his hands on that word even though his sarcastic tone was pretty self-explanatory "You know, he's gonna be our good little maid while we do our thing. I mean, can you imagine what kinda pigsty that apartment is gonna turn into with four guys?"

"Don't you mean five?" Shawn corrected his buddy but he was clearly sneering.

"What, we're counting the fucking help, now?" Jesse always knew what to say. They fist bumped again.

“Dude, I don’t know...” Shawn was shaking his head, definitely amused by the idea but still not convinced they could actually pull it off “...we gotta do it right, though! If he tells his sister we were mean to him and shit she’s totally gonna bite my head off when we get back.”

“Ahh, relax, man! We’ll let him sniff our fucking underwear when he picks it up to do our laundry. That should do it, don’t you think?! Hehehe!!”

The boys stared into each other’s eyes, snickering for a few seconds. Then Shawn went:

“Oh, what the hell! You know what? That might actually work, bro!”

So maybe the vacation wasn’t completely ruined after all.

Francis Grant simply couldn't believe his luck. Since when his little sister had told him that her stupidly handsome boyfriend Shawn was more than happy to have him on board, he couldn't stop thinking about it. He felt like a little kid on Christmas morning. It was a big deal for someone like him. He was a loner. Always had been. No real friends to account for. His college mates never spent time with him, never called him or let him go out with them, not even his roommate. Of course it has to be said that Francis was not exactly the life of the party. He was a weird kid, even by his own admission. Sure, he was a brilliant student, no doubt! But he was also extremely shy and generally awkward around people. And he was so damn quirky all the time. On top of that, everybody was calling him gay, behind his back. Well, he was quite sure they didn't use that particular politically correct word, Arizona was definitely not California and homophobic kids were just about as rare as sand in a freaking desert. But, bottom line, they were right. He liked boys. He lusted after them, desperately, but he would have sooner jumped from a building than tell any of them how he felt. And now he was gonna spend a whole week in the

company of four super cool, super hot, super popular and freshly graduated guys. He was gonna eat with them, chat with them, and they were even gonna sleep under the same roof, the thought of which was enough to make him chomp at the bit. Besides, Shawn Donovan was a dream to him. He completely idolized that boy and it is understandable that two days before when he had knocked on his very own door Francis had almost lost it.

"Hey buddy! What's up?!" the boy had said with that hypnotic smile he constantly used on his and Julie's mom. And quite effectively so, someone might add. He had never smiled at him that way though.

"H...hi, Shawn..." Francis had stammered, embarrassed. The jock had walked towards him and sat on the bed right next to him. Their arms and shoulders were touching. Francis swallowed hard. Shawn was close. Too close. Then he had put his hand on his shoulder which had caused a pang in the older boy's stomach. The warmth of his body was mesmerizing.

"So, listen, man. There's something I gotta tell you about this trip but it's gotta be our little secret, ok?" even his voice was inebriating. Francis had nodded slightly and his sister's boyfriend had moved his face even closer "You see, we're not exactly going to the mountains..." he had said in hushed tones.

"We're... we're not?" Francis had replied, completely distracted by the tank top Shawn had been wearing or better yet by how revealing said tank top was. He could see part of his smooth chest and then his muscular arm had moved and rested over both his shoulders, in a very brotherly gesture. He could smell his deodorant, so manly.

"Nope!" the boy had smiled impishly "Get this! We're actually going to Tijuana, amigo!"

It had taken Francis a few seconds to register that piece of information.

"T.. Tijuana? You... you mean the one in Mexico?" he had asked quite stupidly really.

"Pretty sure it's the only one, bro!" Shawn had pointed out, which had made him smile weakly "But listen, like I said it's top secret, you must not tell Julie about it, ok? Because the second you tell her she's gonna think I'm going there to cheat on her which is crazy, right? I'd never do that!" The way he was speaking was absolutely magnetic.

"R... right... of course..." Francis had managed.

"Exactly, we're just going there to get a little wasted, you know what I'm saying? What's the harm in that?"

"N... no... harm... you're right..." Francis had swallowed hard again, his heart now pounding "So

Tijuana, huh... cool... cool..." he hated sounding like a complete dork in front of Shawn but unfortunately, that was all he could manage.

"Awesome! Hehe!" he had squeezed him a little with his arm. Goosebumps. "Alright, I gotta get back to your sister, I'll see you Monday, ok?" he had said standing up and walking towards the door "And remember, this stays between you and me, got it?"

"Y... yes Shawn, of course..." and the dreamy boy had taken off leaving him all sweaty and trembling like a twelve-year-old girl, but with a swelling in his crotch area that spoke volumes.

Julie was currently driving him to Jesse Ruiz's house. He was a friend of Shawn's that Francis had barely met once and apparently he was the only one with a car big enough for all of them. It was so exciting, Francis just couldn't stop beaming.

"So that's the fag-maid?" Mark Ward asked Shawn while piling up their bags in the trunk.

"Yep! In the flesh! Pretty pathetic, huh?" Shawn replied.

"Yeah, no shit, bro!" The two jocks snickered while watching a tall, gangly kid, probably a couple of years older than they were, who was wearing the geekiest outfit they had ever seen.

"Fuck, where does his mommy buy his shirts?" Alex Jin and Jesse had joined them.

"Pretty sure those are Julie's hand-me-downs." Shawn mocked and they all cackled but they had to stop when the fag started walking towards them, waving stupidly.

"Hey, man! Ready for some camping?" Shawn boomed louder than was actually necessary. The dumb queer smiled all happy.

"Yes, Shawn!" he replied eagerly.

"Awesome! These are Mark..." he pointed at a blond haired surfer dude type that was wearing red shades and flip flops "and Alex..." that was the lean asian kid who was sporting a black messy pomp, an ear piercing and tattoos on his right arm and hand "...and you already know Jess, right?"

"Hi, everyone!" the fag had absolutely no idea what his vacation was gonna be about and the four younger boys couldn't help smirking at him.

"Well, it's about time we hit the road, gentlemen!" Jesse said, clapping his hands matter-of-factly.

Julie and Shawn kissed goodbye while Francis was having a little trouble figuring out where to put his bag since the trunk of Jesse's Jeep was full to the brim. He turned to the others and was going to ask how to go about fixing the predicament they were in but Shawn put his hand firmly on his shoulder and went:

"I'm afraid you're gonna have to hold it in your lap till we get there, buddy!"

"In my lap? But it's a five-hour drive..." Francis' tone didn't even qualify as weak.

"Yeah, so? If you have a better idea, we're all ears!" Shawn challenged him and Francis realized that the eyes of all four boys were on him... judging him... His mouth went dry. He was already screwing this up. He had no right whatsoever to ruin the mood.

"No, you're right, it's no problem at all..." he hurried to say. He could have sworn he saw the two boys he had just met exchange an amused look.

"Great! Let's go!"

The drive was not exactly comfortable for poor Francis. He was sitting in the back seat, squeezed between Mark and Alex. Once again, some hot guy's body was touching his, and he felt a little dizzy from all that teenage testosterone he was engulfed in. He could smell it. He could smell them, their body odor, just like he had Shawn's a few days before. It wasn't bad, by any means, it was just so... masculine. Somewhat different from his own. Of course that wasn't the only difference he noticed. They were loud and crass and the only topics they were covering were girls and sports. Now Francis didn't really mind the second one even though

he couldn't understand a word of it but the locker room talk about sex in all its forms... Well, that was miles away from his comfort zone. He actually cringed thinking that quite probably some of the nasty things Shawn was sharing so shamelessly he had done with his sweet little sister Julie. Why was he getting an erection from all that banter? And then the bag in his lap was so vexatious. It was bulky and heavy and his lower body was getting numb.

He was grateful when they decided to stop at a service station. He desperately needed to stretch his legs and get a little fresh air. They were in the middle of nowhere and the place almost looked abandoned. He told the others he needed to use the restroom:

"Wait up, I also gotta take a leak!" called Jesse while the others marched into the shop.

The toilets were positively filthy and the smell of urine in the heat of summer was sickening.

"What are you doing, bro?" Jesse said as Francis was about to enter one of the stalls "Be a man and use the urinals!"

"Uhm... I'd rather not..." Francis tried to protest weakly.

"Why not? You got a dick, I got a dick, what's the big deal?" Jesse was looking at him with those intense eyes that didn't really give you the chance to turn down whatever he was saying.

"O... ok..." he gave in and approached the urinals but when they were next to one another Francis's eyes inevitably glanced where he should have not. Jesse's penis was out and it was BIG. Weirdly enough Francis's mouth instantly watered. He had never seen another guy's penis, the only other one he had to compare it with was his own which definitely didn't seem like such a good idea. Jesse was uncut and had a thick bush of

curly dark pubes that sort of crowned the massive piece of meat he had in his hands. The jock started relieving himself and Francis simply couldn't avert his eyes.

"You done staring at my dick?" Jesse snickered which made the older boy jump.

"I'm... I'm... sorry... I... just..." he was mortified and didn't even know what to say.

"Relax, dude, I'm just kidding..." Jesse chuckled "...besides I get this in the locker room all the time..." he shrugged "Happens when you got a dick as big as mine, I guess." a drop of sweat dribbled down Francis's neck "Guys are jealous, you see, they just can't understand why their tiny weenies are half the size." Jesse continued, then turned sideways towards him and snickered "Well in your case let's go with a third the size, shall we? Hehehe!" Francis covered himself instantly "Ahh, don't feel bad, man! You were born like that, you just gotta accept it!" Jesse finished peeing, shook it a couple of times, then put it back in his pants

"Show's over I'm afraid!" he taunted, zipping up. "C'mon, man! If you're not out in five minutes we're leaving you here!" Francis' brow was moist and he found himself staring at the bathroom door the boy had just slammed shut. He was stunned. He hadn't been able to utter a single word. Not one! Also he had this unfamiliar and destabilizing sense of longing for what might have just become the new object of his affection.

It was hot. Worse than Arizona, which was definitely saying something. Not surprising, it was good old Mexico, after all.

"We're here!" Jesse announced and they couldn't be happier to get out of that stifling car. It was soon pretty clear that the place they had rented wasn't exactly a villa in the Hamptons. It was an old detached house in the outskirts of town, surrounded by desert, desert, more desert and plenty of saguaros. The

reddish plaster was peeling off the walls and the closest building was maybe sixty or seventy yards away.

"Man, it's a fucking dump!" complained the surfer dude, Mark, passing a hand through his blond slicked back hair

"Yep! But it's all we could afford! Remember? You're the only daddy's boy here, the rest of us are poor!" half-joked Alex.

"Shut up!" groaned Mark, smiling.

"C'mon, let's check it out! Maybe the inside is better!" Shawn said encouragingly and they all filed in, dragging their bags.

"Nope, still a dump!" said Mark.

Now, his assessment wasn't that far from the truth. It was for all intents and purposes a dump. It was small and stuffy to start with. Only three rooms, actually: the kitchen, a modest bathroom and one bedroom where two couples of single beds laid on each side, facing each other and forming a tight horizontal passage right in the center of the room. The beds were old and plainly basic. They had no headboards, and they were weirdly shorter and lower than average, so much so, actually, that they almost resembled Japanese futon for children. Well, maybe not quite as low but you get the idea. The four jocks childishly picked their own bed and threw themselves on them, horsing around and suddenly starting a raucous pillow fight. Francis watched them in the doorway, frowning, rather confused.

"What's wrong, buddy?" asked Shawn, startling him a bit.

"Uhm..." Francis tried not to sound like a pain, he really didn't want to bother them "...is there another

bed... somewhere?" he politely wondered, then stupidly added "You know... for... for me..."

"Mmmm..." Shawn examined the room unnecessarily thoroughly "Hey! You're right, man! Jesse, didn't I tell you to call and ask for an extra bed?"

Jesse hit his head theatrically like you do when you realize you forgot to do something important "Ooops! That's what I was supposed to do!" He was lying of course, the snickering gave it away. They all looked pretty amused actually. "Sorry, my bad!" Again, the smirk on his handsome face somewhat diminished the effectiveness of his apology "Oh, well, guess you're sleeping on the floor, bro!" he shrugged completely unconcerned. It took Francis a couple of seconds to register that. He was slow when he was around those guys.

"I'm... what?" maybe he had misheard him.

"You got any better ideas?" Jesse continued, daring him to reply otherwise. Again. Francis couldn't stop thinking about the boy's intimidating yet captivating penis for some reason which made it so hard to even try to verbally react.

"But... I... it's..." and then the next few words made him crumble miserably.

"It's not gonna be a problem, now, is it, buddy?" Shawn was smiling at him and his eyes were piercing him. He was so dreamy. Problem? There was no problem, all of a sudden.

"N... no... of course not..." he managed to mumble, his heart racing again. The boys cheered.

"Hahaha! Yeah, man! That's the spirit!" snickered Jesse patting Francis on the back. Hazing wasn't new to

Francis, he had been a victim of it his whole life. But this wasn't necessarily it. Shawn wasn't like that. He had called him 'buddy'. Twice, now!

"Well, c'mon, then! Try it out, bro! See if it's comfy!" the Asian kid, Alex urged him.

He complied. The floor was hard and quite dirty but probably the worst thing was the realization that once down there facing up, the soles of the boy's sneakers sticking out of those abnormally short beds were up close and extremely personal, literally inches from his face.

"So? How is it?" it was Shawn's voice, coming from above. Too bad he couldn't see his handsome face. He could hear some serious snickering and Shawn was no exception, but Francis was positive there was absolutely no malice in his intentions. He trusted that boy wholeheartedly. He was just showing off a little in front of his jock friends, a bit of innocent fun, is all. Boys will be boys, after all. Isn't that how the saying goes?

"Yeah, it's quite comfortable..." The college boy played along and the others cracked up.

About an hour later they started to get ready to go out for dinner. They all had to shower and the bathroom was tiny and impractical. The shower didn't even have a stupid curtain which meant flooding the room everytime you so much as opened the showerhead. Francis was predictably the last one to get a turn and watched the four athletic high-schoolers walk out of the bathroom one after the other, dripping wet, wearing nothing more than a towel around their waist. His eyes caressed their chiseled torsos, their pecs, their flat stomachs, their abs, a trail of hair that led to their private parts, parts that Francis would have killed to see, or see again in Jesse's case. God only knows how many times he had imagined Shawn's. His own penis just couldn't seem to be able to go limp.

Eventually he was free to use the bathroom which by now looked pretty much like a disaster area. He washed himself, desperately trying to get rid of his annoying erection, all in a hurry because Jesse had suddenly started to rush him, almost impatiently. He claimed that it was already late and that sounded a little weird to Francis. After all it was only 6.30 and they were not Florida pensioners. Nevertheless he did hurry because the last thing he wanted to do was displease his companions in any way. He got dressed in two minutes, while the others were already waiting at the door, a hell of a way to put pressure on him. When he was finally ready he joined them but he was met by extremely critical looks.

“Woah! Where do you think you’re going, dressed like that?” Jesse was giving him the once-over while the others were sneering again, quite entertained.

Francis gazed down at his clothes, a little hurt.

"But... why?" he asked. Of course he knew he wasn't nearly as stylish or good looking as they were but still, he thought he looked adequately dressed. He felt like the village idiot.

"Dude, listen..." Shawn explained a little loftily "...we're going to this super fancy place and they're totally not gonna let you in, like that." he gestured vaguely at his attire. Those perfect hazel eyes... that baritone voice...

"Oh, OK! I'll change, I'll be quick I promise..." Francis eagerly replied.

"You know what? Don't bother! You probably don't have anything appropriate to wear anyways." sentenced Jesse as the others cackled "Guess you're staying in tonight!"

"But... but..." Francis's protests were weak, as per usual. He clearly lacked the attributes to do otherwise

and at this point he sort of felt it was pointless to even try.

"C'mon dude, you're making us late!" lamented Mark impatiently.

But then, once more, that beloved voice took his breath away. And the matter was settled.

"Look, man!" said Shawn "It's no big deal, stay here and relax, I'm sure tomorrow we're gonna go to a pizza place or something, and then you can come dressed the way you like, ok?" and the usual clincher "It's not a problem, is it?"

Francis knew that never in a million years could he have answered "Yes, it is!"

"N... no... of course not... it's no big deal... you're right... maybe tomorrow, then?" he asked hopefully.

"Yeah, sure!" Shawn smiled at him.

"Hey, since you're stuck here, why don't you give the bathroom a nice long scrub? It's pretty gross in there!" Jesse told him as they were leaving.

Francis looked back at Shawn for support but the boy just shrugged nonchalantly:

"At least you got something to do!"

And his answer was a predictable: "O... ok..."

"Cool! We'll bring you something to drink when we get back, ok?" they told him and slammed the door. And yet again he was left alone, this time almost on the verge of tears.

"C'mon, c'mon! Let's go!!" The second the four boys got in the car they cracked up.

"Did you see his face?" cackled Shawn.

"Yeah, 'super fancy restaurant', that was a good one, bro!! Hahaha!!" Mark guffawed.

"Totally! Every single time he looks at you he fucking melts, dude!" Alex punched Shawn playfully on the shoulder "In less than two hours you had him sleep on the floor and clean the fucking toilet right after banning him from coming with us! Hahaha!!"

"And that's just the beginning, guys! Told you we could use him somehow!" Jesse smirked at Shawn "And yeah, that little bitch is toooooootally in love with you, bro! He's your fucking doormat!"

"Yeah, you can make him do whatever the fuck you want, man! He probably hopes if he is a good little bitch for you you'll let him suck your dick or something!" Mark chimed in and they went into hysterics again. It took a few seconds for Shawn to reply, the whole thing was way too funny.

"Well, who am I to crush his dreams, right? Besides he's gonna be a waaaay better fag-maid if he's still got hope, don't you think?!" .

"Haha! You got that right!" Jesse said starting the car "C'mon, let's go get ourselves some pussy!"

The music was surprisingly good in that squalid place. Not that Shawn was paying much attention to it. He was too busy enjoying the best head anyone had ever given to him. Right after dinner they had met a bunch of freshman chicks from some minor college

sorority in New York who were looking for the same thing they were: mindblowing, no-strings-attached, lewd sex. Fast-forward a couple of hours and two of those bitches were servicing him, kneeling on the floor in front of his spread legs. Not bad for the very first night. Now Julie, his girlfriend, was a natural born cocksucker and he had made sure to give her tons of practice in the year or so they had been together. But these two were on another level. Simply put, they were starving for dick. One was gently suckling on his cockhead while the other was lapping his whole junk up and down, from the top of his meat down to the base and then his ballsack, taking his balls into her mouth and nursing them. Their names were... nope, he just couldn't recall. Actually he wasn't even completely sure he had bothered to ask but who the fuck cared? In a few hours he would have probably forgotten their faces anyways so it really didn't matter. He took another sip from his beer and glanced around the room. His buddies were busy in similar activities. Mark was banging a tiny brunette like a jackhammer, Alex's dick was buried between a black chick's tits and Jesse was fucking a busty redhead in the ass. Shawn smirked. Fuck, you had to love Tijuana. Where do you find so many girls ready to do just about anything you ask for

free? Granted, you had to get them drunk first, but booze was so cheap there the bar was pretty damn low. The smell of sex was so strong in that sorry excuse for a VIP room. Their naked bodies were all sweaty and sticky from the heat, there was no AC and of course the fact that they were all more than a little tipsy didn't help. Shawn lowered his eyes. They were still slobbering on his cock like there was no tomorrow and watching them, down there while he was comfortably sprawled on the couch felt pretty fucking sweet. He suddenly had the urge to take control. He guided 'cockhead-sucker' down to his balls and stuck his whole rod inside 'balls-licker's' mouth.

"Oh, fuck yeah..." he murmured, leaning his head back on the couch and giving her head the rhythm he wanted with his hand. He closed his eyes "...don't you ever stop sucking, got it?"

Francis yawned. He had thrown on a shirt and some old shorts he used as PJs and now he kept staring at the floor where he was going to have to spend the night. He had never slept on a floor but he had the feeling it wasn't gonna be a particularly pleasant experience. Or at all. He had cleaned the bathroom thoroughly like they had told him to and he would have really liked to make his 'bed' slightly less uncomfortable. He had no pillow or sheets to cover up those filthy tiles. He sighed, then grabbed the plastic bag he had used to collect his dirty laundry and tried to use it as a pillow. It was ok, not as bad as he thought. He lay there for a while. Half past one. There was no point in waiting for them to come back. It probably wasn't going to happen anytime soon. He hit the light and tried to get some sleep. The only thing he could see was Shawn's chiseled face smiling at him... sweetly... lovingly...

It was almost three in the morning when they got out of 'sleaze-club'. They had been screwing those five

cunts in any possible way for almost two hours and they had left them there, half conscious, spent both from exhaustion and way too much alcohol, with cum oozing from each and every one of their holes. Being strapping eighteen-year-old athletes meant being constantly hungry, so they had gone looking for a bite to eat and found that a few tasty burgers and a ton of fries had hit the spot nicely. They needed to replenish their strength after all. And now some awesome weed they had scored from a guy at the bar. Sweet. This was exactly the kind of vacation they had in mind. A journey to heaven:

“What a fuck!” said Mark slamming the car door shut.

“Yep, that was fucking sick, bro!” agreed Shawn with a self satisfied smirk on his face. He blew out the smoke and passed the joint back to Alex. They still had a little buzz from all the beer but it wasn’t as bad. On the other hand the pot was kicking in “Too bad chicks only whore around when they come to places like this!

They should do it all year round!" he belched and the others laughed.

"Hear, hear!" and "Amen to that!" the comments that followed.

"Hehe! Well, Shawn has another pretty little whore waiting for him at the apartment. One who reeeeeeally loves him, hehehe!" Jesse teased.

"Shut up, man!" they cackled.

"Yo, Jesse, before we go I gotta take a leak." said Alex.

"Yeah, same here, bro." Mark stated and he was about to open the car door but Shawn stopped them.

"Wait! I gotta piss too but can you hold it till we get to the apartment? It's like ten minutes..."

The two boys frowned in response.

"I guess..." replied Alex "...but why? The toilet in that place is gross!"

"Well, first of all if the fag-maid has done his job right it should be fucking spotless..." started Shawn among their snickering "But most importantly we're not gonna use the toilet." he had an evil grin on his lips.

The three other boys looked confused but they had an amused expression that mirrored his.

"Dude, what are you saying?" Asked Jesse.

"Well, the fag wanted to drink with us, didn't he? We should totally let him, we did make a promise after all..." They doubled over, cackling again, like monkeys.

"Bro, you can't be serious!" said Alex, passing the joint to Mark "He's not gonna drink our piss! There's no way you can make him do that!"

"Wanna bet?" Shawn responded, raising an eyebrow, confident as fuck.

"Ohoho! You're on, bro!" boomed Alex "But you gotta make him drink it all, ok!?"

"Oh, he'll drink every fucking last drop of it if I tell him to, believe it!" They shook on it while Mark and Jesse sniggered.

"Fine, loser pays for tomorrow's drinks, deal?" said Alex.

"You got it!"

"Alright, let's go! This should be good!" sneered Jesse as he started the car.

Francis woke up with a start. Someone had slammed the front door shut. The boys were back, they were chortling loudly in the kitchen, drunk no doubt.

"Yeah, yeah, get that one! It'll do fine!" it was Jesse's voice.

"Fuck, we're totally filling it up, I'm about to explode!" grunted Mark.

When they switched on the light Francis covered his face.

"Francis! My maaaaan!!" boomed Shawn. Slowly he came into view as his eyes were adjusting. He was as handsome and dreamy as ever and he was grinning widely. They all were actually and Alex, the asian kid, was for some reason holding a glass pitcher.

"Uhm... hi guys..." he welcomed them "How was your night?"

"Pretty fucking amazing, dude!" Jesse replied to him "Did you clean the crapper?"

Francis nodded, meekly, silently.

"Well done!" Shawn complimented him with an even warmer smile and his heart skipped a beat.

"It... it was nothing..." he minimized and the four of them sneered.

"Look, man..." Shawn said then "...the boys and I have been talking and we kinda feel like you should become part of the group, for real though!" Francis stared at him with his mouth agape "What do you say? Would you like that?" Once again, he could not believe his luck. He resisted the urge to pinch himself and see if he was still dreaming.

"Yes! Of course I would, guys!!" He told them, almost moved. They cheered.

"Yeah! But there's a catch!" Shawn warned him sticking up a finger in front of his face "You gotta prove yourself to us, you know, sorta like one of those stupid trials pledges have to do to get into a frat! Otherwise the deal's off!"

Francis frowned. In all honesty he did not like that kind of primitive ordeal-style dumb tradition but being accepted into that group right now was way more important.

"Oh... sure! Yeah, I'll do it... it's an honor, guys, thanks!" he stammered.

The boys cheered again, or at least that's what they were supposed to be doing even though they somehow managed to sound... evil.

"Hear that, boys? It's an HONOR!" Shawn repeated in what was definitely a scoffing tone which of course made them laugh. Again.

"Alex!" Shawn said as they formed a tight circle hiding the action from the older boy's eyes.

Francis heard zippers being undone and then... no, it just couldn't be... he had to be misreading the situation. But that particular sound was...

"Oh, fuck, I couldn't hold it anymore!" one of them said. Francis stared at the group. He was still sitting on the floor, in that narrow space between the beds, not moving a muscle. Unfortunately, at this point, a kindergartener could have guessed what they were doing and sure enough, after a couple of minutes filled with sighs of relief and snickers they zipped up and turned around to face him.

"We promised to bring you something to drink, didn't we?" Shawn smirked, walking towards him and handing him the large pitcher which was now filled to the brim with urine. Yellow, extra foamy, warm urine. "Well, here you go, buddy! Enjoy! Hehehe!"

Francis looked up at them completely dumbfounded, now holding the liquid container. It obviously had to be a joke, there was no question

about it. He didn't say anything, he simply kept staring at them in complete disbelief.

"Dude, whatcha waiting for? Bottoms up, c'mon!" Jesse exhorted him, rather aggressively.

"But... I... I don't understand..." The harsh reality of the situation was now revealing itself to him and his stomach solidified into a pack of ice.

"What's to understand? You wanna be one of us or not?" Shawn's voice came adamant to shake his very soul.

"Y... yes... I do... but..."

"Then drink our fucking piss, buddy! It's as simple as that!" the handsome jock said to him shrugging, then added in a derisive tone "Aren't you supposed to

be some kinda nerdy genius?" fracturing something inside of him.

Francis looked at the jar. The smell that was coming from it was so acrid and pungent. It was off-the-charts gross. And yet he was already considering it, regardless of how unreasonably deviant that request was, he was indeed considering it.

"You... you don't mean that..." Francis was basically begging with both his eyes and his voice.

Shawn suddenly looked annoyed, but it was nothing compared to the utter disappointment in his voice.

"Hey, look, no one's forcing you, dude. If you don't wanna do it it's fine, just don't waste our fucking time, ok?" Francis' heart shattered.

"Yeah, we're just trying to have a little fun here and you're ruining the mood!" it was Mark now who was glaring down at him with a similarly irked expression. It was too much to bear. Francis felt guilty.

'That's enough! Mind over matter, Francis! Do it!' the voice inside of him demanded. The boy took a deep breath then brought the pitcher to his lips.

The mood partly lightened.

"Yeah, that's more like it!" sneered Jesse.

"All of it, you hear me? ALL OF IT!" threatened Shawn.

Making that perfect boy mad or disappointing him in any way truly felt horrible. Being accepted in their super cool group, now that was a priority. The only one that really counted in that moment.

"Dude, any time today would be nice!" Jesse pressed.

"Yeah, c'mon! Chug it!" bellowed Mark.

And then the rowdy chanting began "CHUG IT! CHUG IT! CHUG IT!" but it almost immediately broke into hysterical laughter the second Francis gulped down the first foul mouthful of that horrid liquid. It went down the wrong pipe and he began to cough.

"Don't fucking waste it! C'mon!" Shawn was mocking him mercilessly. No! That wasn't it. He wasn't mocking him... it was just a game... yeah, that's exactly what it was, it was a lighthearted practical game between friends. Besides, Francis found himself not really caring one way or the other. Shawn was simply impossible to resist and against all odds the college boy's dick was getting harder again. He took a deep

breath and started to swallow the content of their teenage bladders.

“Hahahaha! He’s fucking doing it for real! Look!!”

“Yeah, that’s what I’m talking about! Keep going!”

It was unfucking-believable! That stupid ass queer was actually drinking their piss! Alex was looking at that scene like it was something out of a movie. How could anyone with any shred of pride could ever get so low? And for what? Just cause they had said so? Unreal. Sure, he was a fucking faggot and he really had to be madly in love with Shawn and shit but Jesus Christ! He was pretty much obeying every single order they were giving him and letting them walk all over him. Of course Alex was extremely happy to do so but still. The possibilities were countless. Why stop at simply making him do stupid housework? It was fucking hilarious

watching him degrade himself for their entertainment. Alex realized he was probably gonna lose the bet but he didn't really mind. This was way better.

The four jocks were laughing their balls off as they say. Francis had to stop a couple of times and put everything he had into not vomiting. But sure enough he then started gulping it down again, cheered by his soon-to-be companions. He downed the whole thing in less than five minutes. Him, the smart, diligent, shy loner had swallowed half a gallon of nauseating urine. It had been agony, the soundtrack of which had been four younger kids' verbal amusement: their jeering, their humiliating comments and nasty digs. He was almost on the verge of tears again. But he had done it. He had drunk the piss just like he had been told... no... asked to do. Yeah, no one had forced him, he had done it because he wanted to. His penis was now rock hard and Francis just couldn't understand his own body. He was so confused and flustered. All that bullying should

have made him angry or something not so damn horny. Whatever the case, now he was in.

“Fuck, dude, you’re a toilet! Hahaha!” Jesse cackled “You’re a fucking TOILET!!” He repeated. Francis didn’t trust himself to open his mouth to reply.

“Well, well, well!” Shawn tried to ask for silence, but he was still laughing himself “Now you’re one of us, buddy! Hehehehe!!”

They all cheered. Francis was still too busy trying desperately to keep the piss down, to show much jubilation but he tried to smile. He was certainly happy to hear that.

“So...” Shawn continued in a businesslike tone “Here’s how this is gonna work. You see, in our group we do stuff for each other, right guys?”

"Yep!" "Sure do!" "You bet!" they replied one after the other.

"Right! So you do stuff for us and we do stuff for you, understand?"

"Yeah... sure..." His throat burned and he sounded hoarse.

"Awesome! Now, since you said it's an HONOR to be our little toilet..." Shaw was struggling to keep a straight face "...that's exactly what we're gonna do for you, we'll let you drink aaaaall the piss you want. Happy?" They were all literally rolling on their beds with laughter. Francis's heart was pounding in his chest. That was an unmitigated nightmare "But in exchange..." Shawn continued "You are gonna take care of all the shit we don't feel like doing, like cleaning, cooking, doing the laundry and everything else we can think of. Now, I think it's a pretty sweet deal for all of us, don't you think?" he concluded speaking to the others who obviously agreed wholeheartedly.

"So, what do you say?" He turned back to him. They were now smirking down at him. Shawn was standing a couple of feet from him while the others were on their beds. They actually wanted an answer.

"Well, c'mon toilet, what's it gonna be?!" Mark shouted and they all cackled again. The sound of those laughs. Why was it equally humiliating and arousing?

"Do you even have to think about it? I thought you'd jump at the chance!" Shawn was now closer, completely subjugating him with his perfect voice, perfect smile, perfect eyes... and then he put a hand on his head "You sure you wanna pass up this opportunity? I won't offer again." This last comment he said in a low, more private tone, like he didn't want the others to hear. At this point Francis had no control over his actions, he was left with no defence, at the complete mercy of this god-like boy that was standing in front of him.

"O... ok... I'll do it..." he said softly. And as Jesse, Alex and Mark doubled over laughing, Shawn gave him a smirk so penetrating he floored him.

"Good boy..." said Shawn. Then he leaned down, till his face was inches from Francis's "Open your mouth..." he ordered and Francis obeyed instantly, eagerly, excitedly "Here's a little extra present..." Shawn's spit hit the back of his throat so suddenly, the only thing he could do was swallow it. The older boy looked hurt but also crestfallen. Shawn snickered as he stood up straight again and shrugged "Hey, you are a toilet after all: piss, spit, same difference, right?" he was so sexy, he could have said just about anything "As a matter of fact, let's make this official!" Shawn cleared his throat and tried to sound like some self-important college professor. "By the power vested in me I hereby appoint you, Francis Grant, our personal toilet! Congrats!! Hahahaha!!" Shawn shook his hand while Francis was still in disbelief. Laughters, laughters, laughters...

"Looks like Alex is paying for drinks tomorrow! Hahaha!" Mark said ruffling his asian buddy's hair.

"Fuck! How was I supposed to know he was gonna drink all that fucking piss! I still can't believe it, bro!" Alex groaned, even though he was amused.

"Hey, now! Our toilet is a fucking champ, bro! Don't talk him down like that!" Jesse quipped.

"Screw you!" Joked Alex and everyone laughed again.

'They're drunk, they're drunk, they're drunk, they're just drunk or high on something or whatever!' Francis kept repeating in his mind, desperately, stubbornly 'It'll all be different in the morning!' but even he was having a hard time believing it.

They went on for a few more minutes. Francis kept looking at them trying as hard as he could not to let them notice the raging hard-on he had. It looked like they really were having the time of their life humiliating him in such a horrible way. But after a while their weariness started to kick in for real. They began to strip. Sneakers, shirts and pants came off and were thrown carelessly on the floor and the four smoking hot athletes crashed on their respective beds in their boxers, still joking around.

"C'mon toilet, lie down and go to sleep!" Alex said to him. He had no strength left to even attempt to reply. He simply obeyed instantly.

After mere seconds he saw a pair of socked feet sprout from the edge of the bed on his left and kicked him on the side of his head.

"Oooops! Sorry, toilet! Hehe!" They were Jesse's and he could smell them in all their disgusting masculinity. Right on cue Shawn's feet emerged from

the right. Now that was a different story. They weren't pleasant, sure but they were Shawn's feet.

"Hey, toilet! Will you take my socks off? I'm too tired to do it myself!" his sister's boyfriend 'asked'.

"Y... yes..." Francis replied eagerly, freeing his idol's extremities from the damp cotton.

"Yeah, do mine too, c'mon!" Jesse slapped the side of his face with one of his feet and Francis complied without saying anything "Uuh, yeah, that's the stuff!" Jesse said wiggling his toes "Here, this is what a real man smells like, toilet! Learn it!" The jock pressed the sole of his foot down to Francis' nose so that his victim was trapped between the foot and the floor, unable to escape. He gagged, loud enough for them to hear, which of course made them cackle some more.

"Haha! What's that? You don't like it?" Again, his voice shook him every single time.

"N... no... I... I do..." the boy lied. More snickering.

"Hahaha! Well, then, that's another perk for you to enjoy, toilet! Hehehe!" cackled Jesse, slapping his face again "Now, you get a goood night's sleep, ok?"

"Yeah, dream of piss and feet, that'll definitely cheer you up!" Mark snickered.

"And what's the first thing you're gonna do tomorrow?" Shawn's question gave him a pang of panic.

"Uhm..." he didn't know what to answer. There were so many conflicting emotions inside of him he simply couldn't think straight "Uhm..." he repeated.

"You're making us breakfast, toilet! C'mon, keep the fuck up!" Shawn admonished him.

"Y... yes... of course!" he yelped.

"Alright, that's enough for today! Goodnight guys!" said Jesse "Night, toilet!"

"Night, toilet!" echoed all the others.

Part of him wanted to cry like a five-year-old. His heart took quite a while to slow down as a pang of anxiety stabbed him right in his stomach. After very few minutes he heard them snoring in the darkness of that room that now smelled like a locker room that's never been cleaned. How could his penis be that hard? How? What they had done to him was... well, some might have considered it hell. Why wasn't he crying and trying to run away from them? He found himself turning his head towards Shawn's feet and placed a small kiss on his heel. He couldn't stop himself. It was hard to admit

but he somehow felt grateful he could be a part of their group. Crazy, right? Pathetic? Yeah. But still. That first very weird day was drawing to a close. The first day of his journey to hell.

2

Rise and shine

They were alone in a dimly lit room, sitting right next to one another. Shawn had put his hand on Francis's shoulder, just like that day, in his bedroom. They were so close. What an unbelievable sensation, even just being able to watch him, stare at every chiseled detail of his gorgeous face. His hypnotic hazel eyes, always so confident, his breathtaking full lips, his impressive jawline, his arousing body odor. The college boy would have given the world for that moment to last forever. Just the two of them. Shawn was smiling his million dollar smile and was being so kind to him... everything was more than perfect... and then...

Francis groaned as he was unceremoniously torn away from his dream. Something had hit his face and it

took him a few seconds to realize what was actually going on. He squinted his eyes in the morning light that was seeping through from the cracks in the splintered blinds. A pair of feet were still moving not two inches from his nose. Someone had just kicked his face and the sleepy young man realized it had been none other than that sweet god-like boy Francis had been dreaming of. It probably hadn't been on purpose. Shawn was still fast asleep after all. But Francis was now quite convinced that the dreamy jock wouldn't have hesitated to kick his face while awake, in order to entertain his friends. Yeah. He should have been mad about it, probably. But they were Shawn's feet. Francis realized he didn't even mind the smell much. His soles were smooth and the color of his skin matched the fair complexion the boy had. There was a bit of lint here and there, the gray ankle socks he had worn the night before, no doubt. Truth be told he had never examined a foot so thoroughly before and all in all decided that as long as it belonged to his beloved Shawn, it wasn't unpleasant. Not one bit. Francis blinked a couple of times then turned his head slightly to the left and his lips touched the heel of a different set of feet. Jesse's, Shawn's best friend. The college student cringed a little. Somehow, they weren't as enjoyable. It wasn't the

smell, really. He had gotten used to it by now. He had been breathing it for hours, after all. Not that he had had any choice in the matter. But there was something about that kid that intimidated Francis more than usual which was saying something. Fragments of nightmarish memories suddenly rushed into his brain and his stomach turned. A disgusting burp came up to his mouth forcing him to taste piss again and he almost barfed. They had made him drink a ton of it only a few short hours earlier. And then they had blissfully gone to sleep cackling like drunken monkeys. It was a hard thing to process. Not exactly your typical Tuesday night, right? No. Francis had laid on the dirty floor of that bedroom for hours trying to figure out what exactly had happened, why they had behaved like that and most importantly what to do now. He had cried silently for a while and only managed to fall asleep at the crack of dawn, out of sheer emotional exhaustion. It wasn't supposed to go like that. It was supposed to be just a boys' vacation. Nothing more. This was pure, unmitigated hell. Nothing more to say, really. Nonetheless, he just couldn't help believing that Shawn actually cared for him. Obviously he wasn't stupid. He knew the straight boy was never going to reciprocate the feelings he had for him but, even so, Francis would

have settled for simply being allowed to be in his company. It was weak of him to think that way but it was indeed within Francis's character. On the other hand, hanging out with his sister's boyfriend apparently meant being subjected to the practical jokes the 'bro-code' demanded by him and his buddies which is where things became slightly more confusing in Francis's mind. Yes, confusing, because the college boy just couldn't deny the fact that he had been hard as a rock through the entire ordeal they had put him through. And that went against everything he'd been taught.

He slowly slid down the narrow aisle he was trapped in, carefully trying not to wake them and managed to finally get to his feet. He felt filthy and realized the shirt he was wearing smelled of piss, their piss. The piss they had made him drink. Sorry but it bears repeating. Meanwhile, the four teenagers were sleeping soundly completely abandoned on their beds. They had clearly been partying hard and come back extremely late. Now they were catching some well deserved beauty sleep. Not that they were in need of any, really, because, boy, were they stupidly good-

looking!/? Their bodies were chiseled like well trained athletes' should be: lean, toned, hunky. They simply looked stunning. It was like being in the presence of demigods from the old myths and they came in every flavor of the specimen spectrum: Caucasian, Norse, Latino and Asian. Unbelievable. Not much else you could ask for, quite frankly, as far as looks could go. And he was to spend the next six days and nights being humiliated and laughed at by them. 'Could be worse...' he thought bitterly 'At least they're great to look at...'

Now he would have likely spent the whole day staring at Shawn's abs and the light trail of dark hair guiding down to his crotch but his eyes noticed the clock on the wall. 8.23. He realized he was expected to make them breakfast. It was one of the many 'perks' he had acquired by becoming a member of their little gang. Another pang clenched his stomach. For the umpteenth time, since the night before, Francis had the sudden urge to call his sister and tell her what they had done to him, how they had hazed and bullied him, how unfair and mean they had been. He wanted to vent to her so badly. He swallowed hard. Something was stopping him yet again. Doubt. The young man

wondered if he was, maybe, overreacting. What did he really know about jocks and the way they treat their friends? Nothing, really. He had never hung out with anyone that was a part of that elite posse. And of course he had seen them horse around in the halls, calling each other names, just for fun. Now that he thought about it, that's all he remembered them doing. Like all the time. How was that any different from what they had done to him? How was he sure that they hadn't simply been a little rough with him to make him feel part of the group for real. As crazy as that might sound, the more he thought about it, the more he felt slightly silly. And again, didn't his erection mean he kinda liked it, to begin with?

Flustered and a little puzzled he walked to the kitchen and focused back on what he had to do. He opened every cupboard in sight and found them predictably empty. Nothing to cook, or eat, not even a box of crackers because they had indeed rented a dump in the middle of nowhere and of course none of them had actually thought of buying at least the essentials. He stared desolately at the empty fridge.

'What am I gonna do now?' he started panicking a little. There was no way he was gonna leave them without breakfast. He wasn't gonna screw up the first task he had been given. No. He was gonna be cool about it for once in his life and 'go with the flow' as they say. 'Groceries... downtown...' he thought. How though? For a second he considered borrowing Jesse's car but then shuddered at the sheer notion, wondering what he might have done to him had he found out. He grabbed his phone from the counter and looked for a taxi service. About an hour later he was on his way back to the apartment with tons of bags filled to the brim with unnecessary stuff that the overbearing lady at the grocery store had deemed absolutely necessary for a 'good American breakfast'. That little stunt hadn't been cheap either but Francis had way more pressing business to worry about. He prayed to God that the four boys were still asleep and felt a wave of relief wash over him when he found out they were still snoring softly. He put the groceries on the table and started rummaging for pans and kitchen utensils trying to be as quiet as he could. Cooking was actually one of the very few practical things he could actually do. It was easy, all

you had to do was follow the recipe. Instructions, simple instructions, no complications. Real life? That was another story. There were only four chairs around that table.

Shawn Donovan woke up to the smell of fried eggs and sizzling bacon. He rubbed his eyes lazily as images from the night before were coming back to him. Two very skilled tongues slobbering on his junk, a pretty brunette's tits bobbing right in front of his face while he was fucking her. His morning wood was harder than ever. And then of course his girlfriend's faggot brother Francis. He found himself smirking while seeing himself and his friends pissing in a fucking water jar.

"Morning toilet!" he heard the sleepy snickers of his friends so he opened his eyes and looked up. In the bed opposite his, Jesse was sitting up, stretching and yawning. Shawn followed his gaze and found that gangly queer at the door, barely answering.

"...morning..." he mumbled as Mark and Alex were getting up.

"Slept well?" asked Alex pushing past the fag.

"Yeah..." he answered as miserable as ever.

"Good! Hehehe!" snickered Jesse giving him a couple of 'friendly' slaps on the cheek.

"Woah!! That's what I'm talking about!" Shawn heard Mark call from the kitchen "Good job, toilet!" as the unmistakable noises of a loud breakfast started.

Shawn sat up and noticed the fag looking at him like his puppy had just died. Now that he thought about it he realized that what had happened the night before had been way worse and sudden than they had ever talked about. The plan was to slowly ease into the whole fag-maid idea but the weed and the booze must

have taken over and they had probably gone a little overboard. Of course it was fun but still... Had they fucked the whole thing up? What if the little fucker had blabbed to his sister? Was he a fucking dead man or something? Shawn was not feeling so hot all of a sudden.

"Morning..." he said to the fag, like nothing out of the ordinary had happened "So, happy that you're part of the group now?" he asked to test the waters.

"Y... yeah..." the fag mumbled "...but... last night you..." he didn't finish, which was so fucking typical. This pushover didn't even have the balls to talk like a normal person, which automatically kinda fueled the urge for any normal guy to fucking bully his ass. It was like he asked for it. Anyways. Ok, so the situation was still unclear but maybe he was not a dead man just yet.

"What?" Shawn carried on. The fag looked worried and the young jock figured that it was time to pull off one of his fucking Jedi mind tricks if he wanted to keep

this from Julie. That was IF she didn't already know "You didn't get offended, did you?" he snorted like the whole concept was ridiculous "Cause, dude, it's just part of the game!"

"Y... yeah... but that was way too..." the queer protested meekly and couldn't even look him in the eye. Man, he wanted to beat the shit outta this wimpy bitch.

"Look, you wanted to be part of the group, right? We told you we were gonna haze you a little, there's nothing wrong with that!" Shawn even impressed himself for the straight face he was keeping. He watched the fag's expression relax, only slightly though "We all went through it, dude. It's how it works!"

"R... really?" Un-fucking-believable! He was buying this shit for real! Was he retarded?

“Yeah, man! Totally! There’s no need to worry!” he was being so fucking sleek he deserved a prize “Look, just be chill about it and follow the rules, you’ll be fine! You’ll even enjoy it once you get into it, ok?”

He was selling something highly unsalable and any other person would have flipped him off or something. Not this queer. He was considering what Shawn had told him but still didn’t look completely convinced.

“But... but... last night you...” his objections were getting even milder which was driving Shawn up the fucking wall.

“Jesus Christ! What? What?!” he spat “Last night we had a bit of fun, Francis! That’s all! Didn’t YOU have fun?! You said you did last night!” he observed the expression change on the fag’s ugly mug and was pretty happy to see that little outburst had done the trick. Whoever said ‘attack is the best form of defense’ was a fucking genius.

"Y... yes... of course..." the stupid sissy stammered looking down at his feet.

'Too fucking easy!' Shawn thought.

"Then what the fuck's the problem?" he added with the same exasperated tone.

"N... no problem, Shawn... sorry..." he even fucking apologized. Unreal.

"Good!" he said curtly, as he got up from his bed "Smells pretty damn good. What did you make us?" nothing like a little 'stick and carrot' play to train a pet.

"Uhm... eggs, bacon and..." the queer said almost proudly.

"Awesome! It's exactly what we needed after all that fuck... dancing, all the dancing we did last night." Shawn bit his tongue just in time. Shit! He couldn't let him know about that! He was still Julie's fucking brother after all. The hot athlete grinned at the fag and deliberately scratched his balls right in front of him. The fag's eyes predictably went to his crotch in a second. Fucking stupid queer. "Well, I'm starving!" he said innocently and walked towards the door. Then to make sure his little comment hadn't just fucked everything up he added "Oh, by the way, you must never tell anyone about anything you do or see or hear when you're with us, ok?" He walked right back to him and placed both his hands at the back of his head, sort of like a bro-hug-kind-of gesture. "It's a secret, remember?" He winked at him and thought the bitch was gonna melt right there and then. He knew that he was completely powerless against his charms.

"Ok, yes! I promise!" the stupid sissy answered, visibly relieved and even chipper all of a sudden.

"Yeah, buddy!" Shawn smiled at him then, sincerely curious he asked: "Anyway, where did you get all that grub?"

"I called a cab and went shopping downtown," the fag replied eager as fuck.

"Hahaha! Nice job, toilet! Showing initiative, I see! I like that! Good for you!" he chuckled turning away from him but apparently the fag wasn't done.

"Shawn..." the boy turned around again. The bitch looked like he was about to deliver some seriously important speech or something "...I... I trust you... completely... if you say that I have to follow the rules of the 'game' I'll do it... for sure... but there is a limit, right? I mean, we need to draw the line somewhere, right? I need you to tell me, please... I... I don't know anything about hazing or... or practical jokes, I mean I've never really... you know... and I might think something is a big deal when it's not and I don't wanna ruin the fun for you guys or bum you out, that's the last

thing I wanna do... but... but if you help me... I mean... what I'm trying to say is that I REALLY wanna be one of you guys... please... no matter what..."

It was by far the longest sentence he had ever heard him say. And also the dumbest. Was this loser for real? Shawn was having the hardest time not to crack up right in front of him but he somehow managed. He smiled at him instead.

"Best decision you could ever make, buddy! I'll tell you where the line is. No sense bitching about every little thing we tell you to do, right?"

"Right!"

"Yeah, you just do whatever I say and we'll have so much fun, deal?" he had to start snickering. He couldn't possibly contain himself anymore.

"Yes Shawn! Thank you! I really appreciate it!" the bitch actually laughed with him, all fucking happy about that little chat they just had. Fucking pathetic.

"Hehehe! Sure! No problem, toilet!" the boy turned around again and added "Make our beds while we eat!"

Now everything was good again. He knew he could trust Shawn. How could he ever have questioned that? What an idiot! He was a hell of a guy and he loved his little sister so much. God, Julie really had been lucky. He would have never made her cry and that was simply a fact. Now Francis just had to sit tight and listen to what Shawn would tell him. In a way it was such a relief, not having to make decisions. Just let someone else do it for you. It was a rush, non doubt, a rush Francis didn't mind one bit if he was being honest with himself. It made him feel... safe.

He could hear them yell and guffaw like they always did. Loudly, brazenly, shamelessly. They sounded so carefree. He envied them a little. He envied their confidence and the hard-line way they lived their lives. While accurately smoothing up the sheets on their beds he found himself hoping one day he could actually be laughing with them instead of being laughed at. Wishful thinking one might say. It sort of felt like him and them came from different planets. Francis sighed. He looked around the room and noticed all their clothes were scattered on the floor. He picked them up, folded them and put them on their respective beds. What a good little housekeeper he had turned out to be. Lately he had been having certain thoughts. Thoughts he hadn't shared with anybody. He was starting to feel trapped in that male body of his and the worst part was that there was nothing he could do about it. Why couldn't he be a pretty girl so Shawn would love her tenderly. And make love to her. He picked up his sister's boyfriend's t-shirt and smelled it lovingly. God, all that testosterone sent him to heaven. He wanted to touch and kiss his body so bad... and lick it...

He was abruptly brought back to earth by a strange noise. It sounded like the boys had done something they thought was funny and they were predictably cackling about it.

"Yo, toilet! Get over here!"

Francis hurried to the kitchen. They were sitting at the table, all except for Mark, the blond, blue-eyed surfer dude who was standing next to the fridge. The floor was pretty much covered in Honey Nut Cheerios. They must have knocked over a box while they were horsing around. It was everywhere. Under the table, around their bare feet, near the cooker.

Mark tossed him an old broom.

"Clean it up!" he barked and sat back on his chair.

Francis obeyed instantly and the boys started chatting again.

"Breakfast was pretty fucking great, toilet!" commented Jesse, smirking "Better keep this up!"

"O... ok... sure... Jesse, I will..." Francis replied. They just wouldn't quit snickering. Obviously watching him humiliate himself pretty much voluntarily for their sole entertainment was to their liking. But it was no problem. Shawn said it was ok, that it was part of the game, so it was all good. He finished gathering everything in the dustpan and was looking for a trash can of some kind but then remembered that he couldn't find one before, while he was cooking.

"Here! Use this!" Alex was handing him the bowl he had used to eat his cereals. Francis smiled gratefully at him, maybe trying to find some amount of pity in the boy's almond shaped eyes. Unfortunately the smirk the asian kid had on his strikingly handsome face spoke of nothing but derision. Francis took the bowl and

emptied the dustpan inside it. "Hold on, give it back." it was Alex again "I got some of that shit pasted under my feet." He said and used the brim of the bowl like a spatula to slide the bottom of both his feet on, collecting the crumbs from the crushed cereals mixed with the dirt from that filthy floor into that same receptacle.

"Pass it around when you're done, got the same problem." Mark said and Shawn seconded him. They all did it. They cleaned their feet on the brim of that bowl that Francis made a mental note not to use anymore, ever. He watched them do it one by one until Shawn handed him back the bowl so he could throw everything away.

"Hold on a second!" interjected Jesse, sporting an evil sneer that spoke volumes "Why would you throw that out? You didn't have breakfast, yet, did you?" he enquired mercilessly and the others, quite predictably, snickered.

"No fucking way! Hahaha!" chortled Alex, extremely entertained.

"N... no..." Francis answered disheartened.

"Tsk, tsk!" Jesse raised up a finger with mock disappointment "Now, that's not good, toilet! Don't you know breakfast is the most important meal of the day?"

"Hahaha! Yeah, toilet, you don't wanna skip breakfast!" Mark scoffed at him "C'mon, take a seat! This is gonna be good! Hehe!" the blond boy continued, giving up his chair and grabbing him by the arm. He forced him to sit in front of that disgusting mix of frosted cereals, dust, toejam and lint. Jesse poured in some cold milk left in Shawn's bowl and some from his own. The white liquid made the grime stand out even more.

"Hehehe! There you go! Now we're talking! My mom's always bitching about the waste of perfectly good food in America, now I can quit feeling guilty about it! Hahaha!"

"Amen to that, brother! Hehehe!" cackled Alex.

Jesse was still sneering as he leaned back on his chair with his arms crossed behind his head expectantly. God that face was so dreamy, those hazel eyes and the chiseled features. Those thick lips. Why was Francis getting hard again? Why couldn't he stop picturing the boy's dick, all of a sudden? That massive piece of meat he had gotten a glimpse of the day before. And why, in god's name, was he enjoying being degraded like that? It made no sense. No, no, it was ridiculous! He was NOT enjoying that.

"Do... Do I have to?" Francis protested ever so meekly.

"What's the matter, toilet? If you can drink our piss you can eat that shit too!" Jesse said oozing self-confidence and unchallenged authority in equal measure. Francis hesitantly looked at Shawn, not entirely clear on what to do even though he had a feeling this didn't really cross the line they had talked about. Not if drinking piss didn't. In a way, Jesse's words made sense. That's why Francis wasn't exactly surprised to see that his sister's boyfriend was having the time of his life like the rest of them.

"What the fuck are you waiting for, toilet? Hoover it!" That's all he got from the love of his life. That meant it was all good. No matter how gross that might be, Shawn had spoken. Francis picked up a spoon and swallowed the first mouthful of that concoction. Everyone cracked up.

"C'mon, get the ball!" Shawn yelled, about a half hour later. They had decided to go shoot some hoops in a makeshift court they had spotted the day before,

when they had arrived. It was maybe about half a mile from the apartment. The stupid fagmaid was cleaning up after them. It was unbelievable how easy it was to make him do stuff. All you had to do was tell him and he'd obeyed like the little bitch he was. Were all faggots that fucking submissive? They should have been. It made perfect sense to Shawn since they were clearly LESS than men, that was not up for debate. All that fucking equality propaganda could kiss Shawn's ass. It was bullshit. Like hell they were equal. The stupid fucker had chugged down a gallon of piss just cause he had told him to. No straight guy would ever degrade himself like that, no matter what was at stake. That's too low. It's fucking subhuman, for Christ's sake! No, faggots were simply not on the same level as normal guys, period! And it was time society reminded them of that. The young jock sure was ready to do his part. Besides it was fucking hilarious, quite frankly. That had definitely been some way to wake up. The little queer had pretty much told him he'd do whatever the fuck he wanted. How cool was that? He was already his fucking doormat, and it hadn't even been 24 hours. He had swallowed the whole fucking content of that bowl and Jesse had even managed to make him thank them for

the yummy breakfast. That was a fucking riot. They had laughed so hard their stomach hurt.

His three buddies walked out of the bedroom wearing shorts and wife beaters. Jesse was balancing the ball on his head.

"We'll be back in a couple of hours." Shawn informed the fag.

"We'd take you with us but you better start on lunch!" Jesse mocked him. God he was so good at doing that!

"And everything better be fucking delish or..." Alex didn't finish. He started laughing at the sight of Mark petting the bitch on the head a bit too violently. Shawn chukled. His friends were having as much fun as he was bullying the fag which was pretty fucking great. Not that he had any doubts.

The little bitch was looking at them like he wanted to say something.

"What is it?" Shawn asked him.

"Uhm... I... I gotta get more groceries..." he whimpered, all fucking embarrassed.

"So? Do it!" Shawn replied as cold as fuck "Not our problem!"

"W... well... can... can I borrow your car... to get to the nearest store..." it was pretty evident the bitch had struggled like crazy to ask that.

"Sure thing, man!" said Jesse, almost sweetly, which surprised Shawn and the others a bit "Here!" Jesse tossed him the keys. The queer nearly looked like he was about to cry. He smiled incredulously.

"T... thank you..." he mumbled.

"Yeah, no problem, toilet!" replied Jesse grinning from ear to ear, "Oh, while you're at it, you don't mind washing it and filling it up, right?" And that was it. They all started cackling and didn't wait for the fag's reply. They closed the front door on his stupid face and headed for the basketball court.

They literally couldn't walk straight, they were laughing so hard. Shawn had told them about the conversation he had had with the fag.

"Does he get off on being treated like shit or something? What the fuck is his problem? Haha!" Mark chortled.

"Oh, Shawn, can I be your slave for the rest of my life, pretty please? Hahaha!!" Alex was mimicking the bitch's voice.

"Hahaha!! Dude, you got him by the fucking balls!" Jesse said, "You know what? We can do waaaay better than just use him as a fucking maid!"

"Hahaha! I'll say! Just gimme a little time, bro! Just gimme time! Hahaha!!"

"Yo, toilet! Whassup!"

The table was set for four and Francis was stirring stuff in a pan when they got back. It smelled rather good in there and he could hear their stomachs growling.

"Did you buy something to drink?" asked Mark. His fair skin and blond hair were all matted with sweat.

"Uhm... there are sodas and beer in the fridge..." the college boy replied and watched them all horse around towards the fridge. It was extremely hot and he figured something cold and fizzy was exactly what they needed. They chatted among themselves for a few minutes while they were cooling off, then they sat themselves at the table. Francis started serving them the food he had prepared without anyone asking him to. They acted like he wasn't even there. No 'thanks' or anything, not even a smirk or a sneer. They began to wolf everything down like they hadn't eaten in days and, for all intents and purposes, ignored the hell out of him. How could he not admire their confidence, their bravado? It was stupid and even a little scary but that selfish attitude that should have made him angry, instead did nothing but make them look hotter, if possible. Francis stepped away from the table and leaned against the cooker, in the corner of the room. The four jocks were talking about the game they had just played and didn't even acknowledge his presence. He had killed himself to get everything ready in less

than two hours. He had done the shopping, washed Jesse's car and filled it up just like he had been asked to do. And then he had prepared all that food. Not to mention that between breakfast, lunch and gas he had blown away way more than he could afford. But Shawn's voice resonated in him 'It's part of the game, buddy!' and no one could resist that voice, or at least he knew he couldn't. And why should he? It felt good not resisting. He took a bite of the paella he had cooked. 'It's not bad... maybe a little salty...' he thought and opened the fridge to get a soda. When he popped it open Jesse turned around to look at him.

"What are you doing?" the boy demanded, rather aggressively, smirking as per usual.

"Well... I'm... thirsty..." Francis said it almost like he was asking for permission.

"Yeah, I bet you are but don't even think about drinking that!" Jesse was frowning like the idea was completely ludicrous "you don't throw perfectly good

soda in the toilet, do ya?" the gorgeous latino had stood up "Besides, your special drink is 'in brewing', hehehe!" he added while grabbing his crotch obscenely. The others doubled over. Big surprise. Jesse downed the can he had in his hands and burped loudly in Francis face. Then he crushed the can in his fist and threw it on the floor "Just give us half an hour and you can drink as muuuuuch as you want, hahaha!" He grabbed the soda Francis had opened and sat back down, cackling with the others.

Francis couldn't believe this was coming again. He hated it. He hated it so much. He was sure of it. Then how come his penis was telling him otherwise?

It hadn't even been twenty minutes of hard core ignoring from their part when the handsome surfer dude, Mark, smirked at Francis and said:

"Guess what?! Mine's ready, you lucky bastard!" He chugged the last of his beer then lowered his arm under the table and started tinkering with the waistband of his shorts.

"Hehe! Welcome to pisstopia, hahaha!"

The others were absolutely digging the scene, guffawing and commenting rudely with their mouths full of that food he had lovingly cooked for Shawn. Francis couldn't resist this time. Something took hold of him and he leaned forward a little, just enough to get the blond boy's lower half into view. His penis was out. Francis felt his heart racing, just like the day before with Jesse in the gas station restroom. Mark was holding over four inches of limp, uncut, fat meat that was coming out of a thick bush of dark blond pubes. Francis' mouth started watering instantly. He felt inadequate, once again, biologically speaking. Because that thing was big. Maybe not quite as massive as Jesse's but still way, way bigger than his own. Was he handicapped? Every single thing about these boys was undoubtedly better looking, it was so crushingly

humbling. Yet, Francis couldn't keep his lust in check around them. Even now. Mark was pissing inside the beer bottle he had just emptied and the stream that was shooting off his cockhead was strong and fierce which made the whole scene incredibly erotic to Francis.

"Wanna see how he makes it?" shouted Jesse right in his ear. Francis jumped out of his skin. The latino stud had crept behind him and caught him red handed. Everybody cackled.

"Well, it's only fair. He's gotta drink it, bro!" Shawn teased "Probably just wanna make sure it's the real stuff, not some cheap off-brand shit! Hahahaha!"

"Hahaha! He can look as much as he wants. It's good, old, top-quality piss, straight from the tap! Hahaha!" joked Mark as he was finishing emptying his bladder. He rubbed the tip of his penis on the mouth of the bottle, peeling back his foreskin several times, to make sure he didn't spill any. Francis swallowed hard.

That was the same bottle he was about to put in his mouth. His own penis was now down right hard and he had no control over it because he simply couldn't understand why this was happening. It was so degrading. Once again Francis couldn't even find the right adjective to describe what they were doing to him and yet he was hard. He hoped to God they didn't notice. That would have been too much.

Mark handed him the bottle which was now half full and the gay boy could feel the warmth of the straw colored liquid through the glass.

"There! From 'farm to fork'! Hahahaha!!" quipped Alex.

Francis slowly lifted the bottle up to his mouth trying to sort out his feelings. From a rational point of view, the idea of drinking urine was obviously gross. But rationality, which seemed to have always been the boy's strongest weapon, wasn't really working for him that well anymore. Sure he was indeed about to drink urine

again, but the idea that Mark had cleaned his penis on that very bottle mere seconds before and right in front of him, was pumping so much blood down to his groin it was impossible to ignore.

“Better savor it!” Mark snickered. The handsome foursome were all watching him, expectantly. He was, in fact, their entertainment, after all. He didn’t even mind their cackling anymore and quite frankly he was chomping at the bit to find out what Mark’s penis tasted like. Without further ado, Francis gingerly licked the piss coated mouth of the bottle and let the content fill his own mouth. The taste was as bitter and gross as the day before. And yet his own penis was about to explode in his pants. He thanked God he was wearing jeans. It was easier to hide it even though he was far from being as well-endowed as the boy whose piss he was swallowing.

“Well?” taunted Jesse, standing right next to him. He smelled quite strongly of sweat.

"It's... perfect..." Francis almost choked. His throat was burning slightly. The boys were doubling over as he stood there with a stupidly vacant expression. He drank again without them telling him to, then he turned to the gorgeous blond surfer and went "Thanks Mark..." it had come to him as such a natural thing to say which positively surprised him.

"Hahahaha! Sure thing, toilet! I mean, look how thirsty you are. It's the least I could do! Hahaha!" Mark replied snickering and exchanging entertained looks with Shawn "Besides I'm having a great time using you as a fucking piss tank!" he guffawed with such a smug expression "Who knows, if you play your cards right maybe someday I might even let you drink it straight as it comes outta my dick! Hahaha! Would you like that?" they cackled again as Francis was about to finish the last of the boy's piss. Unfortunately that very last statement combined with the tone and attitude the blond stud put in his voice was too much for the older boy to handle. He would have done anything, ANYTHING to get his mouth near that penis... any penis, really. And to his horror, he powerlessly realized he was having a violent orgasm, made quite

uncomfortable by his own tighty whities. His legs felt like they were made of butter and he fell down on his knees, moaning like some animal in heat as a wet blotch darkened the front of his pants.

The boys went into hysterics.

“Do you like his piss that much! Hahaha!!” Jesse cackled as Francis kept licking and smooching the mouth of that bottle even though it was now empty. He just couldn’t stop slurping the tip where Mark had rubbed his penis.

“He came! This freak came drinking my fucking piss!! Did anybody get that on camera?! Hahahaha!!”

“You’re such a fucking loser, toilet! Hahahaha!!” Alex cackled.

“Man, I think you broke him. Look at him! Hahaha!” it was Shawn’s voice this time and Francis kept licking that now tasteless bottle like there was no tomorrow.

“I’m the motherfucking pissking! Hahahaha!!” Mark struck a pose, showing off his biceps and giving them something more to laugh about.

Francis was still in a daze. His underpants felt slimy and he had never been so humiliated in his whole life. His post orgasm confusion was weird and hazy. Part of him wanted to cry. But part of him didn’t. Part of him wanted to shout at them and run away. And part of him couldn’t wait to get more. It was uncomfortable but Jesse didn’t really give him time to recover his wits. He snatched the bottle from his hands unceremoniously.

“Hey, snap out of it, toilet! We all gotta piss, you know!” He was so close, towering over him and looking down at him with such a belittling evil smirk. His body odor was attacking the older boy’s brain. And then he lowered his shorts, freeing his majestic penis, this time

inches from Francis' face, mesmerizing the helpless young man and started filling up the bottle again, right in front of him, presenting him with his next fix.

Shawn and his buddies had moved to the bedroom after lunch. There was no way they were going out, not in that heat. Besides there was nothing to do downtown till late afternoon. They had thrown themselves on their neatly made beds, trying to enjoy the little air the fan on the ceiling was providing. The stupid fag bitch was right where he was supposed to be, in the kitchen, cleaning up again. 'What a fucking freak!' Shawn thought. They had passed around that beer bottle and had pissed in it, one by one and watched that fucking fairy empty it every single time. And then he was thanking them left and right. That was so fucking awesome. He had thanked each and every one of them for letting him drink their piss. Un-fucking-believable. The boy snickered to himself. The stupid wish to be part of their little posse pretty much made him their fucking slave and whenever the bitch wavered all he had to do was just nod at him or look at him

funny or something. And he really did get off on being treated like that anyway. He had fucking cummed in front of them just from drinking Mark's fucking piss! Shawn had never seen anything so fucking pathetic in his life. Never. 'Shawn, I trust you completely...' the fag had whined to him that morning. No. He was never gonna say a word to Julie. Nothing to worry about there. It was like he pretty much had the bitch's life in his own hands. Now that was some rush!

Mark and Jesse had started bickering about football, as usual and Alex was listening to their banter pretty entertained. Shawn put on his airpods and started to chill. There was something that bugged him, though. His feet felt uncomfortable, constrained in those worn out Vans. He was about to kick them off, but he stopped himself and smirked.

"Yo, toilet! Get your ass in here!" the boy yelled, cutting off the football discussion. Sure enough the fag came running from the kitchen in like point five seconds, ready to serve. Nice. "My feet hurt, gimme a foot massage while I chill." It felt good using that tone

with him and it felt even better seeing that he didn't even have to finish telling him that the dumb bitch was already at the foot of his bed, kneeling.

"Yes, Shawn..." he said all fucking enthusiastic which, of course, made them all cackle.

"Nice one, bro! Hey, toilet! I want one too when you're done with your hero! Hehe!" Alex teased while the bitch was already removing his sneakers.

"Yes, Alex..." the fag mumbled. Shawn took off his airpods. There was no need for them. They had all the entertainment they needed right there.

When the shoes came off, Shawn felt that typical fresh sensation you get when your socks are all damp with sweat and all of a sudden you get to wiggle your toes. The bitch took one of his feet in his hands and started massaging it while looking at him with pure, unmistakable love. It was almost adoration, really, which

was weirdly the one thing he had in common with his sister. It was uncanny. Sure she could be a pain in the ass sometimes but she did love him a lot and Shawn had often used that to his advantage. The boy sat up on his elbows to observe the faggot better. The room smelled like a fucking locker room after practice and he noticed he was turning his face slightly to try and breathe as far from his feet as he possibly could without being obvious about it. He snickered.

"Do they smell?" he asked, vastly entertained.

"Uhm... well... a little... but it's not like... I mean..." the bitch stumbled on his words.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Jesse cut in "Last night you said you liked it!" he had put his ankles on the bitch's shoulders and his socked feet were now patting the fag's cheeks. Mark and Alex were enjoying the show immensely "I mean you spent a whole fucking night with your face glued to his feet and mine and

now you're bitching about a little massage?" Jesse shook his head and clicked his tongue disapprovingly.

"No... I..." the fag tried to answer while Jesse's feet were practically all over his face.

"So you're lying to us, now??" Shawn pushed him with mock indignation.

"N... no! Absolutely, I would never lie to you..." the bitch whimpered.

"Well, then?" Shawn asked expectantly, raising his eyebrows and spreading his arms.

"I... I do like them..."

Alex was laughing his balls off.

"Mmmmm..." insisted Jesse "You better be sure, toilet! We don't want any liars in our group!" Shawn watched as his old buddy used his foot to push the fag's face into his own feet. Awesome. He felt him gasp for air, trapped as he was in that foot clutch. It was impossible not to snicker.

"Well, what do you say? Smell good?" Jesse asked, easing up the pressure.

"Yes... they smell great..." Shawn threw his head back on the pillow and cracked up. It was hard to believe how easy he was to manipulate. 'Loser' didn't even begin to describe him. It took them a while to stop laughing and in all that time the bitch never stopped massaging his foot for a fucking second.

"Alright, you know what?" Jesse said, asking for silence with his hands "Let's play a little game, shall we?" they all calmed down to listen "Since you got such a great sense of smell, better put it to the test!" snickers, here and there "I say, we make you memorize

the smell of all our feet, then we blindfold you..." Jesse kept exchanging looks with Shawn while talking to the bitch "...you smell our socks and you gotta tell us who they belong to!" Then he turned to them "What do you guys say?"

The cheers and the cackles were overwhelming. Francis felt a shiver down his spine. That had to be too much! It was... gross... and... and disgusting. He didn't like that. Right? Anyways he had to be careful. He had definitely risked being kicked out of the gang a minute earlier. Francis looked hopeful at Shawn but the god-like teenager simply said.

"Hahaha! That sounds pretty fucking entertaining, haha!" Yet another sign that the boys were just having a bit of innocent fun which meant that he needed to soldier on and endure it. He swallowed. His throat still stung a little.

"Hahaha! Yeah, like one of those police dogs!" chuckled Alex "Go on! Get on all fours!" Francis obeyed. Not much else he could do, really.

"Hahaha! That's a goood doggy!" Jesse petted him on the head with his foot.

Then, completely unexpectedly the boy of his dreams said something that made Francis's heart skip a beat.

"Hey! If you get each and every one of them right, tonight you can go out with us, deal?" And that was the ultimate, overwhelming proof that Shawn had his best interest at heart. He was giving him an opportunity that he couldn't waste. He wouldn't.

"O... ok... let's do it..." Francis said, now showing a little more enthusiasm.

"Hahaha! Awesome! That's the spirit!" Said Jesse, using his foot to pat his cheek again. Damn that guy was ripe "Now, like every doggy we gotta train you, first, ok?! So, now you get to smell each of our feet for like... a minute? What do you guys say?" he asked the others.

"Make it two!" chimed in Mark "We don't wanna rush this! Hehe!"

"Fine, THREE minutes it is!" Jesse stated, receiving cheers of approval "So, you got it doggie?"

"Yes..." Francis said simply but Jesse kicked him on the head.

"Hey! Doggies don't talk!" he said and looked down at him expectantly. The handsome latino was being especially wicked. Why did he want to humiliate

him like that? Wasn't it enough that he was such a superior specimen? Francis thought about the whole thing for a second. He was on all fours being told to bark like a dog for the sole entertainment of a bunch of teenage kids. The brilliant student, first in every academic trial, a little Physics genius, or at least that's what half the faculty at UCLA thought of him. Why did he have to lower himself so much in front of those guys? And why did a small part of him want to do it? No matter. There was too much at stake. The college boy took a shaky breath and went:

"Woof! Woof!" laughers all around him.

"Hahaha! That's fucking priceless! Haha!!" Cackled Alex, the hot asian dude "Go on! Might as well start with Shawn, since you like him sooooo much!" he continued scratching one of his legs. For some reason, Francis noticed the boy was almost completely hairless.

"Yeah, c'mon! Get sniffing! Hahaha!" echoed Mark.

Francis turned to Shawn again, waiting for some sort of last second sign to get out of that situation. He knew he wasn't gonna get one and, sure as shooting, the boy was grinning at him.

"Well? Whatchu waiting for, doggy?" he said to him.

So Francis looked at those feet. Shawn's ankle socks were supposed to be white but they weren't. Or at least the soles. They were darkened and they did, in fact, smell pretty strongly. He gathered all his will and without anyone to force him, he pressed his face to the feet of the boy he was madly in love with. He breathed in his overbearing masculinity which he, himself, knew he could never have.

"Yeah! That's what I'm talking about! Hahaha!"
Shawn snickered

"Hey don't go jerking off on us, got it doggy? We don't wanna see that!" Jesse quipped and everyone laughed.

"Haha! Just memorize it, toilet! You don't wanna lose this game, do ya?" Shawn said, covering Francis's whole face with his manly feet, rubbing them against his nose, his eyes, his lips.

The smell was so intense it went straight to his brain. It was pretty gross... sure... and yet Francis found himself inadvertently sniffing like a madman. His own penis was inexplicably back to happy. 'Not again!' Why? Why did he find that incredibly degrading stuff so arousing? He kept asking himself that same thorny question every time they threw new stuff at him. There had to be something so wrong with him.

"How's it going, doggy?" Jesse taunted.

Francis was about to reply that it was difficult to memorize that smell. It was just the stench of sweaty feet. How could he tell one person from another? But he didn't say any of that. Because he wasn't gonna break the same rule of the game twice.

"Woof! Woof!" he humored them.

"Hahaha! Good doggy!" Jesse repeated, tapping his foot on the back of his head.

Alex Jin was keeping time. Still one more minute to go. When he had found out a couple of weeks before that this fag loser was tagging along he hadn't exactly been cool about it. Quite the opposite actually. He had bitched, pretty blatantly. Sure, Shawn and Jesse had let him in on the plan to make him their little bitch slave or whatever but it had taken major convincing to make him stop complaining about the whole thing. Boy, was

he happy he had been wrong! This shit was fucking hilarious. He couldn't stop himself from snickering while watching the fag smell Shawn's feet with so much devotion. And his buddies had similarly entertained expressions on their faces.

"Time's up! C'mon do mine next!" Alex barked and the fag obediently unglued his stupid face from Shawn's nasty fuckers and pressed it to his own. He had a fucking college student, an older guy, literally under his feet and this stupid ass bitch was rubbing his fag face on his socks like they fucking smelled like roses. What a fucking power trip that was. "Well? Which ones do you prefer? His or mine?" Talking to him like that was actually the best part.

"Woof! Woof!" was the only answer he got.

"Hahaha! Doggy has learned his lesson!" Jesse said.

"Haha! Yeah! He's a college genius, after all!" cackled Shawn.

"You know, what? This dog looks more like a bitch to me!" Mark said, lying on his bed "I mean, did you see the way he looked at me pissing?"

No reaction from the fag. He kept sniffing Alex's feet in silence. Jesse kept on teasing him.

"That true doggy? You a bitch?" It took him a few seconds to answer that.

"Woof..." this time it was a half hazard reply, like he was just realizing that now.

"Hahaha! Should've told us before!" Jesse cackled "Maybe you'd rather smell our dicks instead, then! Hahaha!"

"Hahaha! No shit he would!" Shawn laughed. Alex turned to him snickering.

"Yeah, but it looks to me he looooooves our feet just as much, right bitch?"

Another "Woof!" made them crack up again.

"Alright, that's enough!" Alex pushed his face away
"Go to Mark, bitch!"

Jesse was blindfolding him with a pair of Alex's used underwear and some tape. They had decided it was the perfect get-up for the game. Francis was a little nauseated. But most of all he was confused. He felt hazy and dazed in that whirlwind of sweaty teenage testosterone, almost like he was high on it. His penis didn't even try to go soft. On the contrary every name calling, every humiliating comment made it pulse

dangerously. Francis still didn't even fathom how this could be but it didn't really matter at this point. He had no brain power left to analyze the situation. Bottom line was he actually had noticed some differences in the way their feet smelled. He really had. It was subtle and hard to explain, but it was a fact. So he was indeed a dog after all. Or a bitch, like they said.

"Alright, guys! You ready? Socks off!" Francis couldn't see a thing but he could hear Jesse's voice and he gathered from the noises what they were all doing "There, let's make a niiiice pile right in front of him, hehe!" Jesse continued, then "C'mon bitch! get smelling and recognize your masters' feet!" Francis stopped in his tracks. 'My masters?' He thought. What a strange concept. Jesse was still playing... wasn't he? The older boy felt his heart racing and asked himself why his penis was reacting so strongly to that particular word? But he didn't have time to mull it over. Someone had put a foot on the back of his head and had plunged his face into a tangle of dirty socks, snickering "Hurry up, bitch!"

He started to sniff around. It was impossible, everything was mixing up, creating nothing but confusion. All he knew was that it smelled so bad.

"Hey, you can't just smell all of them at once! You're never gonna tell them apart!" Mark seemed to have read his mind "Sniff 'em one by one and when you're sure, put it on each of our beds, got it?" Francis was actually grateful for the help and would have loved to reply in human words. Instead he went:

"Woof!"

"Hey, that's cheating! You're helping the bitch!" jeered Alex.

"Yeah, she's gotta earn the prize! Hahaha!" Shawn said.

“Hahaha! Well, that’s all part of the training, guys!”
They were all cackling like crazy.

Francis took the first sock with his hand but he received a kick right in the middle of his back. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” it was Jesse again “Since when do bitches use their hands?” The pain he was feeling was more psychological than physical “Use your fucking mouth, stupid!” Francis cursed himself for not thinking about it. He parted his lips and dived down to pick the damp sock up. He separated it from the others and started working on it. Sniffing and sniffing. The boys were snickering childishly, all in expectation. The smell was familiar. How could it not be? He might know who it belonged to. Weirdly enough he thought of professor Stein, the head of the department of Physics back at UCLA, and all the times she had praised him: ‘You’ll go far Mr. Grant, you’ll see!’ Francis felt a pang of guilt and discomfort. He picked up the sock again, stuffing it in his mouth, turned around and gingerly put it on Alex’s bed. The boys’ cheers exploded.

After a few minutes he was sorting out their socks like a champ. Among their jeering comments and name calling, he realized he was indeed able to tell them apart. He actually recognized the smell of their feet. He couldn't believe it. Maybe he'd get to go out with them, it was like a dream. The boys were doubling over and he figured it must have been hilarious to see him on all fours tasting their stinky socks.

And the moment of truth came. He worked on the very last one a little longer than the others. He was one step away from a night out with the boys. He wanted to be extra careful not to lose. He wanted the prize so bad. But he was sure, there was no doubt. He put the sock on Shawn's bed and the boys went crazy.

"Hahaha! Bitch, you did it! Hahaha!!" Shawn had put his bare feet on his head and face. He was petting him again and Francis found himself quite partial to that treatment, as long as it came from him "Get down there and roll around like a real bitch, c'mon!!" he was pushed down on the floor and passively obeyed. He

laid on his back and lifted his limbs trying to resemble a dog as best he could. They seemed to like that.

“That’s a real foot bitch right there, guys!! Give it up! hahaha!” Jesse taunted. Their laughter kept roaring which Francis figured was a good thing. He felt them all. They were rubbing their feet on his face and chest and he simply didn’t have his wits about him anymore. He could smell and taste those feet, slapping him, soaking his skin with their smell while the teenagers were laughing hoarsely up there:

“You see? Bitch training is key, guys! Always listen to the piss king! Hahaha!!” said Mark as he tore away the homemade blindfold. That made everything even more confusing since Francis was now trying to catch a glimpse of their smirks and their faces but all he could see were feet. Feet. Feet. Feet. It felt neverending and he simply let them have all the fun they wanted. Needless to say, his penis was still as hard as steel.

They stopped after a few minutes leaving him exhausted, mentally and physically.

“Hahahaha! That was pretty fucking impressive, foot bitch!” Alex said, rolling his face under his foot a couple of times. Francis couldn’t help feeling weirdly proud of that compliment. The gorgeous high-schoolers started chatting among themselves, commenting on the humiliating feat he, the foot bitch, had just completed which gave Francis a few seconds to rest. God, all that had made him so horny. Why? That same question running over and over in his mind.

“Alright, guys, we actually got at least three more hours before we need to start getting ready for dinner. What do you say we chill for a bit?” Shawn had suggested that, pushing Francis out of his daydream.

“Sounds like a plan!” said Mark and then burped loudly.

"And you..." Shawn looked down at him, with the most handsome, godly smile anyone had ever seen and Francis lost himself in his hazel eyes, "Since you've been such a good little foot bitch, I think it's only fair we give you a niiiice treat!" Francis found himself smiling with joy as everyone else was snickering "So, let me think..." Shawn continued, pensive. Then he smirked widely "Got it! How bout we finally let you taste our feet? I mean you like them so much you must be dying to lick them, right?"

"Haha! Yeah, the bitch's even got another boner, look!" Alex said and Francis covered his crotch embarrassed. They were roaring with laughter again.

"Hahaha! Right! Guess it's just natural for a foot bitch! Hahaha!" Shawn said.

"Must be!!" snickered Jesse.

"Alright, then it's settled! You're licking our feet clean till we tell you to stop!" Shawn informed him then he added "What's with the face? Aren't you happy?" They all laughed and fist bumped each other.

Francis couldn't hide the sorrow anymore. They could read it in his expression. 'Why Shawn...' the boy thought desperately. But was complaining about it even an option anymore? Was it right to complain about it when he was as hard as a rock? Was it right when deep down that disturbing little part of him was indeed dying to get his tongue on those feet? Why should he complain? Why couldn't he just give in to his lust. Just this once.

"Woof!" he replied and as they predictably laughed at him while they lay down on their beds as comfortably as they could, Francis didn't wait for any of them to add another word. He leaned forward and started to lick Shawn's feet. His friend's feet... no. His master's feet had a much better ring to it.

3

Boys night out

Mark Ward was playing distractedly with one of his blond locks while listening to Machine Gun Kelly. That dude was fucking dope, and so was his music. 'He must be literally drowning in pussy!' the boy thought enviously. Not that he had ever had much trouble finding a chick to fuck but that kind of fame and dough made you pretty much a god. Yeah. A god wouldn't spend his vacation in a fucking dump like the one they had rented. He wasn't complaining to the others, obviously. The last thing he wanted was to make them feel bad about it. He would have paid for them to stay at a five star hotel but he doubted daddy dear would have forked out all that cash. The old man was definitely way more loaded than he was generous. Which brought them back to dumptown. Oh well! He

was with his buddies which was what mattered. Yeah, but still. He was hot and kinda clammy, lying on his bed, even though he was only wearing his boxers and a damp wife beater. The AC wasn't even an option. Unbelievable. They were chilling in that sleazy bedroom, waiting for the night to come, to party. Jesse Ruiz, Shawn Donovan and Alex Jin, his three bros. Together they had had the best fucking time any teenager could ever have. So much so that high school had been pretty much a blast. They were quite simply 'the shit'. Everyone respected them, admired them, and wanted either to be them or sleep with them. Pretty sweet. Unfortunately now that high school was over and the four boys were gonna part ways, well, things didn't look as peachy to the blond stud. Shawn and Jesse were going to UCLA, Alex, the brainy kid was going to MIT and Mark had been miraculously accepted to Brown only because his dad owned god knows how many buildings there. And that was NOT cool. They worked as a group. Sure, some people called them bullies behind their backs but they didn't really care. So what if they were? What was wrong in having a little fun with stupid wimps who don't have the balls to stand up for themselves? Yeah. But that was over, now. If he was being honest he was a little worried about the future.

No doubt he was gonna meet new kids and shit but he was gonna have to start all over to earn respect. And he was alone. Obviously he wasn't scared or anything, just a little bummed out about it. He wasn't gonna be the king anymore, or at least not right away.

'It's not gonna take long if they're all like this bitch.' A smirk came to his lips as he looked down. A twenty-something nerdy uggo was sliding his tongue between his toes to eat the scum Mark had collected playing ball all morning. This stupid faggot had been lapping on their feet for the last two hours and at this point there was not much grime he hadn't already swallowed. They had promised him he could go out with them if he was a good little foot bitch and the queer literally hadn't stopped licking for a fucking second. He had cleaned their feet all eagerly, slobbering and drooling like he was high or something. And his little dicklet had been hard all the fucking time. Mark had never seen anyone so pathetic and pitiful. He watched him take his toes inside his mouth and suckle on each of them for the umpteenth time. Two hours of that just so he could go out with them and be pushed around all night. Mark

snickered at the thought. It was pretty fucking awesome.

Shawn smiled when his girlfriend's pic appeared on his phone.

"Hey, babe!" He answered the call.

"Damn it, Shawn! Why do I always have to be the one calling? You didn't even text me this morning, what gives?" she sounded a little on the resentful side. The boy knew that tone and how to handle it. No sweat at all. She was gonna start purring to him in less than two minutes.

"Babe, I'm really sorry!" he began "Yesterday was the hardest day ever! You have no idea! We had to hike for, like, miles and then we had to set up camp! And let me tell you, those tents are NOT easy to fucking

assemble!" he was so good at lying "We basically spent the whole evening shoving poles into holes. Believe me, it was fucking exhausting!" His three buddies were in stitches but they were trying real hard to keep it down cause Julie couldn't have possibly gotten the sex pun. The faggot was looking at him with his mouth half open and his tongue sticking out, exactly like the bitch he was. He had stopped lapping Mark's toejam for a second. Shawn smiled at him and winked as if to say 'It's our little secret, remember?' and the stupid fag went back to licking as happy as can be. What a fucking loser. "And then we had a couple of beers and we passed out and this morning there was so much to do... I'm sorry but I just forgot..."

"Well... yeah, fine, I get it... but... you know how worried I get when I don't hear from you... I get all insecure and ..." and there was the purring. Shawn smirked. It was child's play to manipulate her once you got the hang of it. Not like her faggot brother, that was off the charts easy, but still. Which was the reason he didn't break up with her. It was quite convenient to have her as his official girlfriend. She was pretty cute to begin with, she spread her legs on cue, let him

deepthroat her whenever he felt like it, and she was even learning to swallow his loads. And in return all she needed was a little cuddling and wooing which wasn't all that hard, really.

"Yeah, babe, I'm sorry... but you got no reason to be! I love you, you know that!" Those were the three magic words that opened every single door. There was nothing she would deny him or she wouldn't forgive whenever he said those words. I love you. That's how he had turned her into the lewd, slutty whore she was when they were in bed. He had whispered it in her ear and he had popped her cherry after barely two weeks of dating. Another whisper and she was on all fours while he was sliding his cock into her ass. Now she pretty much begged for it. And as far as her face hole went, well, let's just say that her mouth and throat were basically shaped like his dick. Sure it had taken a little time to teach her how to suck a dick but she was now a fucking champ. Shawn's buddies were still snickering.

"Oh, baby I love you so much! I miss you already, you know!?" Julie melted. She had gotten into Harvard,

straight-A brainiac that she was and in a month or so she was gonna fly to the other side of the country. While listening to her voice, Shawn realized that it was kinda hard letting go of such a convenient cumtank. But it was just for a second. 'I'll have to train a new one.' the boy thought wildly. He was a misogynist prick and he knew it. But so were his friends and all in all, life hadn't really taught him otherwise so why would he ever consider changing when the perks of being a little dickish were so fucking awesome?

They chatted for a few minutes about this and that until the girl asked about his brother.

"And Francis? Is he having fun?" Shawn couldn't help smirking. He looked at the faggot's face devotedly glued to his buddy's soles.

"Oh, I think he's the one who's having the best time, out of all of us!" he snapped his fingers and the faggod turned to him instantly. He looked more and more like an actual bitch, with every passing minute.

Shawn simply pointed at his own feet and in about two seconds the sissy's tongue was servicing him again. It was impossible not to laugh and this time, Julie noticed.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"Hehe! Nothing, babe! Jesse just finished telling a joke, that's all." the boy replied.

"Yeah, must've been real funny..." she said curtly. She had never liked Jesse very much "Look, can I talk to my brother? Don't worry, I'll just say hello real quick and I'll let you get back to your man stuff."

Shawn sat up.

"Sure, babe! Hang on!" He covered the phone speaker with his hand and looked at the fag like he meant business "Not a word to her, remember?" he

said softly and the bitch almost broke his neck nodding so fucking vigorously he looked like one of those stupid plastic dashbord toys. And he was smiling happily too.

"It's our little secret, right?" he recited that phrase like a good little pet that needs to be praised and then winked at Shawn.

"Right, bitch!" the boy replied, handing him his cell. Then added "Oh, and one more thing... Don't ever stop licking, ok?"

"Uhm... ok..." the bitch answered and took the phone from his hands. "Hey Julie... slurp... slurp..."

Everybody doubled over as quietly as they possibly could. It was simply hilarious.

"Yeah... slurp... slurp... I'm having a... slurp... great time... slurp... slurp... uh huh... slurp... slurp..."

yeah... slurp... slurp... they guys are awesome... slurp... slurp..."

Shawn suddenly thought about Mr. Connor, Julie's and this faggot's father, an overbearing douche who wouldn't shut up about how great his two precious children were, virtuous, smart, distinguished, incorruptible. Poor son of a bitch, if only he knew that one was his on-call cocksucker and the other was his footfag. The little faggot was nodding and answering his sister's questions but he never used more than a few words at a time before slobbering all over his toes again and again. Retard.

Then the girl must have asked him what he was doing cause the fag answered.

"I'm eating an ice cream... slurp... slurp..." again, too funny "No... slurp... slurp... I can't stop... slurp... slurp... it's... slurp... it's too tasty... slurp... slurp..."

Jesse was holding his stomach, he was laughing so hard.

"Now... slurp... I have to... slurp... go... slurp... slurp... say hi to mom... slurp... slurp... and dad... slurp... slurp..." Shawn took his cell back and had to try his best to stop snickering for a second.

"Well, see, we're treating him right!" he said conversationally.

"Yeah, thanks babe! Really! For bringing him with you and making him feel welcome." the boy suppressed a new fit of laughter.

"Yeah, no problem!"

"No, I'm serious! Thank you, I'll make it up to you, I promise! I'll do anything you want!" She said, all sweet and sugary.

'You pretty much do already.' the boy thought to himself.

"Careful, I'll hold you to that!" he said to her and she giggled.

"Alright, I'll let you get back to your tasty ice cream."

"Hahaha! Don't worry, Francis is the only one who's having some, the boys and I definitely aren't into that but he's having a ton, it's like he's hooked on it, right Francis?"

"Yes!" came the instant reply.

"Whatever! You boys have fun, ok?" Julie said "I love you!"

"Yeah, me too, babe! Talk to you later!"

And the second he hung up they all roared with laughter.

Francis was satisfied with the work he had done. Even a little proud, actually. In two hours he had cleaned their feet so well they didn't even smell anymore. He could taste them on his tongue and the rest of his mouth down to the base of his throat. Quite the indescribable flavor. But it was absolutely worth it. He would have gone out with them. They were actually gonna bring him along, to have dinner with them and maybe a club afterwards or something. That was beyond exciting. He had just had to lie to Julie which he didn't really feel comfortable about but Shawn had told him it was just a little while lie and whatever Shawn said... Well, that boy had so much experience, really,

he knew how the world worked way better than Francis did simply because he hadn't wasted every waking moment of his life studying. It was silly not to agree with everything he said, not to mention counterproductive. God, he admired that boy so much, it was crazy. 'If tonight he brings me along...' Francis thought 'I'll lick his feet any day!' then he laughed to himself, kinda bitterly 'Who am I kidding, I'll lick them anyways if he tells me to. Like I had any choice in the matter.'

His tongue was tired, stiff and a little sore but there was no way he was gonna stop. Shawn had just hung up from his call with Julie and was now rolling on his bed, cackling while Francis kept suckling on his toes. No rest for the weary. The gorgeous boy jock was actually making fun of his sister. He was a little different from the way he had idolized him but the young man surprisingly found himself not disliking this new version of him. The more time he spent with him the more he realized how much he loved him in all his aspects, even when he humiliated him, with his friends. Actually, if he was being honest with himself, he liked that part even more.

"Hey!" he got kicked on the back of his head and he turned to face Jesse "Why don't you pay attention to my feet for a while? I'm starting to feel neglected!" He didn't wanna stop servicing Shawn but the boy was not even acknowledging his presence, to be honest and it's not like he wanted to disobey Jesse or anything. So he turned his whole body and went to work on Jesse's feet. Saying that he didn't like licking his feet would be a stretch, but he was the least favorite of them all. Mostly because he scared the hell out of Francis. The college boy didn't really know why. He wasn't the biggest or tallest but there was something about that kid. He was mean and he always had that evil smirk that didn't really match the angelic features his face flaunted.

"You know, what?" Jesse said as he reached for his phone "Shawn gave me an idea!" he pointed his phone right to Francis's face "Let's shoot a niiiice video interview with the foot bitch, what do you guys say?"

Again with the mean streak. Cheers and laughter and noises of agreement. Francis stopped licking. He suddenly got his wits back.

"No... I... don't want to... please..." He didn't want proof of what he was doing. It was bad enough he was doing it in the first place and compromising videos were dangerous. Very dangerous. He turned to Shawn again, pleading but he did not like the icy stare he received.

"Why not?" the handsome teen said, sub-zero cold while the others were booing and acting all disappointed "What's the problem now?" Shawn said half exasperated, half aggressive like Francis was being unreasonably difficult "We're just having a laugh Francis! We ARE having fun, after all, aren't we?" it wasn't a real question. The undertone of his voice clearly said 'I dare you to disagree'. Francis swallowed hard, already regretting his outspoken complaint.

"Of course he's having fun! He even told his sister!" Jesse bellowed over everyone's cackles.

"Damn straight, he's loving it! Aren't you bitch?" Alex asked cockily. Francis couldn't really defy someone who looked as hot as those jocks.

"Y... yes... of course... I'm... I'm having a lot of fun..." more side-splitting laughter from the bunch. Shawn was indeed widely entertained but he kept looking at him with the same cold eyes.

"Good, then you'll do it, right?" His frosty inflection sent shivers down Francis's spine.

"Y... yes... of course... I'll do it... sorry guys..." he crumbled in front of them and tried to even overdo it a little "I'm... I'm very happy to do it..." everybody but Shawn doubled over. The gorgeous teenage boy was still staring down at him even though he curled his lips.

"We'll let it go this time..." he shoved his index finger right to his face "But you can't keep ruining our fun! Chill the fuck up!" Francis suddenly felt like he was dying inside. He had made him angry. It was the first time. It had never happened before. Shawn was actually pissed at him. He couldn't bear the thought of it. He let go of every inhibition and started kissing his feet, begging shamelessly, hoping to make things better.

"I'm so sorry!! It won't happen again, I promise you!" He looked at his perfect features, still kissing almost in worship.

After a few seconds even Shawn cracked up.

"Hahaha! Alright bitch! You're forgiven!" he said and Francis felt like the whole world was smiling at him "Now get back to work!" the teenage demigod pushed his face away quite roughly and shoved it against

Jesse's feet. They were all laughing. Francis was over the moon. He had forgiven him. It was probably the best moment of his life.

"Thank you... thank you guys! Thank you so much!!" he was laughing too, drunk with euphoria and he even felt genuinely happy to start lapping at Jesse's feet.

Jesse pointed his phone camera at him.

"Alright! Just for this interview we'll let you speak, ok? You know, just like a person!" Jesse smirked at those words and Francis nodded vigorously.

"Thank you... thank you, guys!" he went on repeating those words of sincere gratitude.

"Hahaha! Sure, bitch! No problem!" said Jesse
"But you know the rules, you must never stop licking!

NEVER, you hear?!" Francis nodded again, now suckling on the boy's big toe "And remember, you gotta entertain us, that's the whole reason why we're doing this!" another series of confident nods.

"Hehehe! Ok, here we go!" the boy pressed 'record' "Name?"

"Francis... slurp... slurp... Grant..." he replied immediately, looking straight at the camera.

"Occupation?" Jesse pressed on.

'Occupation?' Francis hesitated for a couple of seconds. He needed to entertain them, right?

"I'm a foot... slurp... licking...slurp... toilet... slurp..."

The boys went into hysterics.

By nine o'clock they were ready to leave the apartment. When Francis got in the car with them he still couldn't believe his luck. He had showered happily and dressed up for the occasion. He had brushed his teeth twice and had also tried to brush the taste of feet from his tongue. More out of what was left of his self-respect than a real need to do it. But all in all he felt pretty damn good about the afternoon now that it was over. He had been super funny during the interview. The boys were in stitches pretty much at every answer he had given them, especially when Jesse had asked about what the best part of his job was or what his expectations for the future were. And then, as his Masters, they had him smear loyalty to them as a toilet and as a footbitch. It hadn't been exactly a breeze but for that kind of reward he would've done way worse.

The town was incredibly crowded. So much so that finding parking was not easy at all. They ate at some sort of diner which was packed with kids. Late teens, early twenties. Everybody was shouting and laughing and drinking and the waiters were busting their butts trying to serve everybody. Francis had a dopey smile on his face and was looking around like a five-year-old at DisneyWorld. The four straight jocks were commenting on the swarms of girls that were coming and going and didn't really pay that much attention to him except for a few degrading digs here and there just to remind him of his place. They ordered five pints of beer but he never got around to drinking his own. Alex snatched it from his hands the second the server handed it to him.

"You know the rules!" the Asian kid said, taking a swig from what was supposed to be his glass "Aaaahhh! This beer is pretty fucking awesome!" he said passing the jug to Mark "Too bad you can't drink it, toilet! You don't know what you're missing! Hehehe!" They laughed.

"Yeah, but if the beer is this good, I bet even our piss is gonna be suuuuper tasty! Hahaha!" cackled Mark before drinking his share. More laughter. Then, after the physiological half an hour they started visiting the establishment facilities one after the other. They simply couldn't give up this particular entertainment. The first to go was Alex. He picked up the now empty tankard, winked at Francis and said: "Imma fill it up for you, ok?" and headed for the can. The last one to go was Mr Perfect himself, Shawn and when he came back he was indeed holding the glass full to the brim, as if he had asked for a refill in the kitchen or something. He couldn't stop snickering as he was getting near the table.

"Hey guys, see fatso over there?" he said, sitting the pitcher right in front of Francis. They all looked in the direction the boy was pointing. A three-hundred-pound, forty-something, balding Mexican was smirking at them with a cigar in his mouth. He was sweating like a pig and repulsive was probably the most spot on adjective you could use to describe him "Met him at the urinals and since I just couldn't fill it up I asked him if he wanted to give his contribution! Hahaha!" they

went into hysterics. Shawn continued "I mean, it wasn't fair to you, toilet! You asked for a pint of piss and a pint of piss you'll drink!! Hahaha!!" Francis felt nauseated and had to swallow back the impulse to vomit.

"Well, bitch! You know what to do!" Jesse said cheerfully. The college boy was at this point completely subdued. He didn't even try to protest or anything. He picked up the tankard, glanced at the ugly Mexican in the corner who was now smirking so evil it was grotesque. The man raised his own glass to say 'cheers'. Francis copied him and then he started to drink. It was happening again. For the umpteenth time since the beginning of that trip he was swallowing their piss. This time, though, he was doing it in front of two hundred people. Nobody noticed anything out of the ordinary, of course. To an external eye that was simply a table where five buddies were simply being a little rowdy. Four kids chanting 'chug it, chug it!' to a fifth one hardly constituted 'weird' in such an establishment. Besides the color, the foam, everything led to believe that what Francis was gulping down, was actually beer. Yeah, right. Yet, why wasn't he hating every second of it? Was he crazy? Those boys were humiliating him,

ruthlessly, mercilessly. Sure it was a game, just to have a laugh, Shawn had been quite clear about that. But Francis realized as he was chugging the warm liquid that, however things were, he was ok with it. It was the price to pay to get what he wanted. Maybe he really was crazy. But it didn't matter all that much to be honest. After all, nobody knew him there and he could enjoy the perks of their awesome company. In a very twisted way he felt like one of them, part of the group and that was still a priority for the college boy.

"Nice job!" Mark slapped him on the back when he was done drinking "You're a pro, bitch!"

"Yeah, he's the piss-drinking champ! Hahaha!" said Alex. Francis smiled at them.

"You bet! But you still got a little foam here..." Shawn said, widely entertained, touching his own upper lip. Francis didn't even stop to think. His tongue was already twirling around, to clean all that was left of their piss. Needless to say the boys were cackling like

monkeys again. And why wouldn't they? Even he was finding the situation ridiculous.

After a while a chubby waitress brought them the check. Shawn had probably asked her on his way to the bathroom. Clearly they were in a hurry to go somewhere else.

"Look, man!" Jesse said to him, holding the small piece of paper between two fingers "I think it's fair to say that we've been extremely generous with you today, don't you think?" snickers around the table "I mean, you got to smell our feet, lick 'em for like two hours straight and drink our piss, it was all because we were super nice, right?" he didn't even bother to keep his voice down. There was so much noise around them, no one really heard what he was saying, anyway. Francis nodded.

"Yeah, we even let you come with us tonight!" added Alex petting his head, like you would a dog.

"Y... yeah... it's true... thank you..." the boy said passively.

"Awesome!" said Jesse with a smirk that spoke volumes "Well, then, it's settled. Dinner's on you tonight. What do you guys say?"

"Fuck, yeah!" Mark said!

"You know it!" said Alex.

"Yeah, fair is fair, after all!" Shawn sent him a very eloquent look. As on cue, Francis took the check from Jesse's hand and reached for his wallet.

"Yes, of course! You have been so nice to me! That's the least I can do!" it was like the words were coming out of his mouth on their own, like his mouth knew what to say way better than his brain. It was

better that way anyways. The last time he had disagreed, Shawn had gotten angry. And that was NEVER to happen again.

Jesse Ruiz was pretty sure he had never met a bigger idiot than this one. And to think he had screwed his share of brainless sluts, a few dozen actually. The entire cheerleading squad to begin with. But even they seemed to have more brain activity than this Physics prodigy. Not that he was complaining, of course. Quite the opposite. Toying with him was probably the most entertaining thing they had done in a while. They got out of the restaurant and walked around town for a bit. The fag followed them around like a loyal little bitch. Then they got into a noisy, crowded bar where the music was so loud you could hardly hear anything else. An army of kids were dancing, laughing, drinking, sweating, shouting and generally having a fucking awesome time. That was exactly the kinda place they were looking for. They pushed their way through the endless rows of clammy bodies looking around for a few 'holes to shove their poles into', like Shawn had put it. It was actually the easiest thing to do in that kinda

place. All you had to do was pick. He felt someone tugging his sleeve and turned around.

"Jesse! Is that you?" a cute blond was smiling at him. He vaguely remembered her from the night before. It wasn't easy, really. After all he had only looked at her face when he had grabbed her head from both sides and skull-fucked the shit out of her. And by the looks of it she had loved every second of it.

Hey..." he was drawing a blank "What's your name again?" he asked. The girl looked slightly bummed about it but kept smiling sweetly at him. She was probably a bit tipsy already.

"Marissa! Remember?" she answered.

"Sure, sure!" he lied, "You here with your friends?"

"Yeah, they're over there!" she said pointing somewhere behind him. He didn't even turn and she wrapped her arms around him "Actually I was wondering if you wanted to do it again..." she started kissing his neck. He smirked.

"Do what again?" he asked a little cruelly.

"You know... the sex..." she had to say it pretty loud to be heard over the music.

"Hehehe! You guys liked the way we fucked you, huh?" he said, turning to see where his friends were. They were already at the bar, ordering drinks. The girl was licking his neck now.

"Yeah... It was awesome..." she answered to his ear, all sexy. He grabbed her tits and groped them for a few seconds.

"No bra, huh? Nice!" he snickered. Her nipples were so hard they were about to pierce her super tight top. The boy squeezed one of them and she moaned in pleasure. Around them there was so much chaos that they could have started fucking right there and then and hardly anyone would have noticed. Jesse let his hands slide down on that body he had already had in every possible way, groping at will. He put a hand up her skirt. "Hahaha! Well, well, you're not even wearing panties?" he taunted and suddenly shoved a couple of fingers in her pussy. He didn't need to ask for permission. She let out a high pitched moan and grabbed a hold of his body not to fall on her knees "Better save time if a dick needs to get in, huh?" He started moving his two fingers slowly at first then faster and faster. He grabbed her ass with his other hand. It was like her body belonged to him and sure enough in less than twenty seconds she was wet as fuck. "Wow, you're totally in heat, aren't you? Would you like it if my friends and I threw you into one of those private rooms over there and fucked the shit outta ya? All four of us together?"

The girl had her mouth open in an expression of pure pleasure.

"Oh... yeah..." she moaned.

"Of course you would, that's cause you're a horny slut, right?" he kept sliding his fingers in and out.

"Yes... yes... I am..." she was trying to restrain herself but it was getting extremely difficult.

"What makes you think you'd satisfy us, huh?"

"Mmmmm...." she was licking her lips harder and harder "I would... I just would..." now she was biting her lower lips, lewdly. He stopped fingering her and showed her his hand.

"You're a flood down there! Now my hand's all dirty! Look! What are you gonna do about it?" she didn't hesitate for a second, she started sucking on his fingers. "Hehehe! Yeah, that's what I thought!" he let her do it for a few seconds then "Well, too bad you little whore, tonight I'm looking for a new pussy to fuck, you know, a tight one, I don't do sloppy seconds." he said in the most cruel tone and the girl looked like she had been hit by lightning "But if you're that desperate, maybe I'll look for you later. I'll probably be in the mood to get my dick sucked, anyway, so keep your pretty mouth handy for me, will ya?" he slipped his fingers out of her mouth, winked at her and turned to leave but the girl grabbed his arm.

"But... but Jesse..." she said, looking hurt.

"Look, babe, don't be selfish, ok?" he said to her, getting free from her hand "I already fucked you yesterday, didn't I? And there are so many other pussies here! Why would I use yours again?" he was being a complete dick. There was no way he would have pulled that off with his girlfriend or one of his usual sex friends.

But there, it was just too much fun to be like that cause there really were no consequences whatsoever. "Just go get wasted with your friends and wait around for me, ok?" he didn't even wait for a reply, he turned around and headed for the bar.

The guys hadn't wasted any time. They had ordered some tequila shots and they were offering them to the chicks they were hitting on. Super tall blondes with blue eyes.

"Hey! Where were you?" asked Shawn turning to him and leaving the chatting up to Alex and Mark.

"One of the whores from yesterday saw me and got all wet. She wanted me to do her again." Jesse replied.

"Right! Same pussy twice in a row? What are we married for fuck's sake?"

"I know! That's what I said!" Jesse replied "But I didn't wanna break her heart so I told her we might use her mouth when we're done banging these pretty things. Look at the rack on that one, fuck!"

"Yep! But there's just three of them and they're like Russian or something. Can't understand a word that's coming out of their mouth." Shawn said.

Jesse shrugged.

"Don't see what the problem is. They'll just have to work a little harder to take in all of us." Jesse replied "And who cares if they don't speak English. They're gonna be sucking on our dicks pretty much the whole time, anyways, so..."

"Amen to that!"

The two boys fist bumped each other, snickering.

"So what do we do with him?" Shawn jerked his head backwards towards the bitch. He was standing behind Mark who had already started making out with one of the chicks. The fag looked confused, like he didn't understand what was going on.

"I think it's time we have a nice little chat with him, what do you say?" the two boys smirked at each other.

"You bet, bro!"

Francis was extremely uncomfortable. Mark and Alex were shamelessly groping girls they had just met

right next to him. Jesse and Chris were chatting a few feet from them. Francis couldn't hear what they were saying, the music was so loud that any form of spoken interaction was a little difficult. They were, however, giving him strange looks and they were smiling. After a little while they rejoined the group and Shawn introduced Jesse to the girls.

"Ladies! It's a pleasure to meet you!" the latino demigod flashed them a smile that would have melted an iceberg. Francis's knees buckled and sure enough the girls appreciated it just as much as he did.

"We have flat... near..." one of the girls shouted over the music. Her accent was so thick she almost sounded like a character from a satirical skit. She was smiling very lasciviously and she was pointing towards the back of the club.

"Well, that is awesome news!" Shawn said charmingly "Mark, Alex, why don't you wait for us just outside the club with the ladies, we'll catch up in a

sec!" he continued pointing at Francis with his eyes. The two boys smirked, nodded and walked the girls towards the back exit.

"They no come?" asked one of the girls.

"Sure! Don't worry, they just need to get rid of a problem!" Alex replied to her, grabbing her ass.

Shawn and Jesse turned to Francis and put their arms on his shoulders, one for each side. Once again, he was overwhelmed by their looks. They were not human. They couldn't be. The demigod thing wasn't just a joke. They had to be some sort of minor gods from ancient times. There was no way people could look so good.

"Hey, toilet! We gotta talk! C'mon!" They looked quite serious as they walked him towards the private rooms in one of the corners.

"Ok..." Francis said following them. The music died down a bit when they closed the door and it was much easier to talk.

"Look, it's time we explained to you how the whole man-woman thing works." Jesse said as they sat down on one of the couches. Francis in the middle, squeezed between those teenage bodies he would have killed to touch and kiss... and lick.

"Yeah, you know all that bullshit about equality and the fact that men and women are the same..." Shawn snorted loudly "Guess what, they're not!" he stated.

"Uhm... ok..." Francis replied, confused.

"Men are bigger and stronger, aren't they?" Shawn continued and Francis nodded energetically "Then it stands to reason that we are superior, it's a fact!"

"Yeah, but it's not just a physical thing, you know?" Jesse cut in "Same goes for this!" he touched Francis's forehead "They know they're weak and they totally need to be dominated, body and mind. It's in their DNA, man!"

"They feel actual pain until they submit to this, you know?" Shawn grabbed his crotch and Francis's whole body was shaken by an electric shock "Am I right?" the teenage boy asked his buddy.

"Couldn't agree more, bro!" replied Jesse "It's their only moment of fulfillment. They're happy if they satisfy our needs. They feel like their lives finally matter. And obeying us is a huge part of the deal, you know!"

It was by far the most ridiculous theory he had ever heard in his life and if anyone else had said it he would have sent him to the nearest shrink but if it was Shawn, well, then it made perfect sense.

"Yeah, like those three, out there!" Shawn continued "Right now, they are suffering like hell because they need to be fucked. They're totally in heat, man! You see, they wanna be dominated and we wanna be serviced. You with me?" the gorgeous boy asked. Francis nodded again, even more vigorously. "Good! Cause, you see, it's the same with your sister." Shawn added "She's there to satisfy me and that makes her feel good." Francis was following every word like it was the most important lesson of his life. And then Shawn said something that leveled him "But you already know what I'm talking about, right?" Those eyes he was so in love with were piercing his soul once again. It was like Shawn could see everything inside his mind.

"Look, let's be honest, here." said Jesse "You're a fag, aren't you?"

Francis found himself nodding, looking away from Shawn's stare.

"You got the body of a dude but you can't use it, cause you got a chick's brain. You should dominate and yet you wanna be dominated..." They were explaining the situation step by step, like you would with someone who's not particularly bright. It was surreal. It was all extremely surreal "I mean, In all your life you won't even get to satisfy us sexually so pretty much the only thing you can do, at this point is obey." Jesse continued then added "And, bitch, I gotta say, you're a fucking natural at that!" he ruffled his hair and snickered. Francis smiled although a little bitterly. How was it possible that what they were saying actually resonated inside him? He got distracted admiring their perfect little smirks that were getting slightly more evil now.

"Now, if you wanna be part of this group, that's what we want you to do. Obey. That's it. That's all you're allowed to do, get it?" Shawn was so close the college boy could smell his perfect body odor and again his body was shaken.

"Y... yes... I understand..." he replied.

"Great! Then you'll be our..." Jesse thought of the word "Slave! That work for you?" the boy asked Shawn.

"Yep! Sounds appropriate!" replied him.

"Good! Then, that's what we're calling you from now on!" Said Jesse.

"O... ok..." replied Francis looking down.

"And if you're the slave what are we for you?" Shawn pressed. Francis swallowed. It was time to be honest with himself.

"My masters..." the two boys snickered and ruffled his hair again.

“Attaboy! You’re smarter than you look, you know? Hehehe!!” Francis was all sweaty. His head was spinning and he couldn’t really understand what had just happened.

“Well, slave...” Jesse said, getting up from the couch “Go back to the car and wait for us to call you. When we’re done, you come pick us up, understood?” he fished his car keys from his pocket and put them into his hands. Then he gave him a couple of friendly slaps on the cheek. The straight boys laughed and headed for the door to get back to the main hall.

“Oh! And pay the bar tab!” Shawn said to him right before opening the door and letting the deafening music in. Francis stared at them, walking away, free to enjoy all the perks of being young and gorgeous masters.

4

Understanding

What a night! Shawn Donovan and Jesse Ruiz were standing in the middle of a somber, shadowy room, facing each other. Their satisfied, cocky smirks looked exactly the same as they were panting like lustful beasts, sweating in the unhinged bliss of lewd, carnal pleasure, their faces just inches apart.

"Boje Moi! Boje Moi! Boje Moi!"

Between their youthful, athletic muscles, the voluptuous curves of a gorgeous blonde girl was being squeezed. She kept moaning loudly, in a language completely foreign to their ears. Her eyes were blithely shut as she had one arm around Shawn's neck and the other reaching back around Jesse's. She was holding on to them like her life depended on it even though there was no real need. Shawn's firm hands were

grabbing her thighs like he owned them while Jesse was pretty much trying to tear her breasts off seeing how hard he was squeezing them. But most of all she was being skewered relentlessly by the two young men's rock-hard, veiny cocks, in both her lower holes. The charming Shawn was fucking her pussy almost violently while the handsome latino was pounding her ass like a jackhammer with unrelenting, unceasing rhythm.

The four high-school graduates had followed the Russian girls back to their apartment, behind the club where they had met them. It wasn't exactly a five star hotel, but it was definitely better than what they had rented, which wasn't saying much, really. But for starters, there were three rooms. These two had taken the busty blonde while Mark and Alex had taken the other two chicks into the room next door.

The windows were half-closed, but the music and the noise from the crowded street kept flooding in.

"Boje Moi! Boje Moi!" the girl went on, groaning with pure pleasure. Her blonde locks were half-stuck to her sweaty face, her mouth was open and her tongue was out, licking the air searching desperately for something lewd to taste, panting and wheezing louder and louder.

"The fuck's this bitch saying?" Shawn asked his friend, biting his lower lip in lust.

Jesse sneered, "She can say whatever the fuck she wants as long as she lets us use her holes for the night!" Teenage laughs filled the room, which was reeking of sex.

"Yeah, bro! You gotta try this pussy! It's fucking awesome!" Shawn stated.

"Tell me about it! This ass is tight as fuck! I'm almost there!" commented Jesse.

"I'm close too," the two boys were talking as if she wasn't even in the room.

The girl, however, didn't seem to care about their misogynistic display of degrading demeanor. She seemed to be in a trance, staring into space, repeating the same phrase, now in a faint voice: "Boje Moi!"

Shawn chuckled.

"Dude, I think we broke her fucking brain! We're too much for her, you should see her face! Hahaha!!"

"Haha! Not like it's the first time this happened, remember your cousin last year?" Jesse countered amused.

"Haha! Yeah, bro! Fuck piston, baby!"

"Haha! Totally, bro!"

It was positively satisfying to exchange a few quips before letting their balls explode with well deserved virile sexual relief. Their mocking laughter mixed well with the girl's moans and the lively noise of a town that seemed to never sleep.

It didn't take long for the two eighteen year olds to climax almost in unison with a satisfied growl. The Russian girl screamed along with them as she climaxed yet again, conquered and subdued by the boys' impressive manhoods.

Slowly but inevitably, Shawn's hands loosened their grip and the girl slid down their sweaty bodies, first brushing her face against Shawn's chest and then his abs, kissing and licking every inch of salty skin she could while feeling the smoothness of Jesse's lean torso with her hand. When her knees touched the ground, she lifted her face, now pressed between their two crotches. The smell was overpoweringly manly down there. She inhaled deeply, enjoying the power that stench had over her. She looked up at them. They were smirking down at her, catching their breath. They were indeed too much for her. Too handsome, too dominant and too skilled despite being so young. She had never

felt such pleasure, nor such gratitude, towards her previous lovers. She didn't want it to end. Still buzzing, she moved without thinking. She grabbed both their softening dicks and pulled off the condoms now full of teenage cum. She took Shawn's dick in her mouth till her face was glued to his pubes and slowly sucked it clean. Then she did the same with Jesse's, her eyes never leaving theirs. They didn't comment, they simply kept smirking approvingly at her. Then she put one condom in her mouth and bit it, sucking out its content, a blissful expression on her face. That's when the guys burst out laughing, their youthful cockiness back in all its glory.

"Mmmmmm," the girl moaned as she put the other condom in her mouth and repeated the process.

"Hahahahaha!!!! What the fuck! How much of a cumwhore are you?! You like our jizz that much?" Shawn asked, incredibly amused.

"Yessssss!! Good cum!!" she replied with the thickest Russian accent ever, while continuing to suckle on the two pieces of used latex as if she were savoring some sort of luscious dessert.

"Hahaha!!!! Why can't our girlfriends be more like this!?" Jesse grabbed her by the hair and dick slapped her face a few times. She automatically stuck her tongue out trying to lick his sweaty shaft.

"I know, bro! This one's even sluttier than the New Yorkers! Fuck!!!" Chuckled Shawn, copying his buddy and receiving the same amount of love from the chick's hungry mouth.

"No shit! Hey bitch! If you like our cum sooooo much you should thank us for it, don't ya think?"

Jesse's words were kind of a joke but when she frowned up at him a little confused and said "No understand..." he dumbed it down almost viciously.

"Say THANK YOU FOR GOOD CUM!" he said it loudly and slowly, copying her thick accent, hitting her face with his dick every syllable. Shawn snickered.

The girl smiled now and nodded.

"Yes! Thank you for good cum!" she repeated doltishly and the boys cracked up, still keeping up the facial dick slapping. She was in heaven.

"You're welcome! Guess they don't feed you enough cum in Russia, do they?" They laughed again. The girl didn't understand most of their humiliating jokes but she didn't care, she had two massive dicks on her face and that's all she wanted for now. Her tongue never stopped swirling, with savage hunger.

The boys continued to sneer for a few seconds, letting her clean their sticky, sweaty junk at her heart's content. Then Shawn noticed something and as he pointed down between his feet he went:

"Hey, look! There's some on the floor! Wanna lap it up?"

Again, the girl didn't really understand his words but she immediately looked down and giggled like a total bimbo and crouched down to lick the three drops of 'precious cum' she simply couldn't let go to waste. Obviously the two young men guffawed once more, how could they not.

"Dude, this bitch needs to start paying us if she wants more! Haha!!" Shawn cackled.

"Bro, that ain't a bad idea, y'know!! Hahaha!"

They went on laughing as she was still licking their cum off the floor.

Mark Ward was having the time of his fucking life. He had started to drill the ass of one of the Russian chicks

with all the energy he had while she moaned and gasped and whimpered, a mixture of pain and pleasure. His dick felt like it was melting. What a nice, tight ass she had. It felt so good to stretch it, fuck!

"Ah, ah, ah!!" she wailed, "slow, go slow... hurts!! hurts!!" The blond guy grinned as he swiped his hair out of his face. Then he asked loudly:

"You want me to stop fucking you?!"

"No!!! No!! No stop!!!! Please!!!! More!!! More!!!!" she quickly replied with a worried voice.

"That's what I thought! Then shut the fuck up and get used to it, bitch!" he grunted, increasing the force of each brutal thrust if it was even possible. He turned to his right and snickered. The expression on his buddy's face mirrored his own, not ten feet away.

Alex Jinn couldn't help chuckling, then he looked down again. The Asian features on his handsome face were relaxed and exuded unencumbered pleasure. The tip of his dick was hitting the back of a nameless chick's throat. He was pretty much sitting on the face of the third Russian they had picked up. He couldn't see her. Well, he couldn't see her face since he was using her mouth-pussy like it was nothing more than a fleshlight, a wet hole to stick his dick in. It felt so natural to ignore the disturbing, muffled choking sounds the girl emitted

from beneath him while enjoying the firm grip she had on his ass, pushing him down to her and just begging to be skullfucked to death, which the boy was, of course, more than happy to do.

What a night! Francis had been waiting in that car for more than two hours. He was tired, but not sleepy. What had gone down wouldn't let his mind relax. How could it? He had been told that he was a slave now. That he was to obey their every word. Just obey, no questioning. And why? Cause he was a fag and fags apparently need to be dominated by men. It was absurd. Completely absurd. Yet, had he fought back? Had he even considered telling them to go to hell or something? No way, not a goddamn peep. He had nodded and agreed like a good little bitch. And the reason for that was ultimately very, very simple: somehow, it made sense. Somehow it was the truest and most honest thing somebody had ever said to him. Unbelievable. The hurricane of emotions that were raging inside of him was overwhelming. Fear, anger, shame, sadness, frustration but probably the strongest ones were anticipation and relief. Yes, he was excited and thrilled like a kid on the first day of school and, as

weird as it may be, that whole new situation made him horny as fuck.

He checked his phone again. Nothing. He would be part of their group, that was what really mattered to him. Everything else was good... bad... The jury was still out but quite frankly, they'd been treating him like a slave anyway, even though it wasn't 'official', he doubted the rest of the trip would be any different. Just maybe that from now on, they would simply use him without any sort of pretense. Just for the fun of doing so.

"You know what I'm talking about, right?" He recalled Shawn's perfect face, which had been so close to his that Francis had almost wet himself. Of course, he knew. And he also knew that what Shawn was referring to was true. They had told him he was born to serve. Nothing else. Just serve. Why did their words feel like they hit the nail on the head? He realized how perverse the whole notion was yet he knew what he felt. Fuck, his head hurt. For a moment he wanted to switch off his brain and stop analyzing the situation from every possible angle. It was an exercise in futility because no amount of reasoning could ever explain why this young college student knew those high schoolers were right. Yet, it was clear and quite obvious, really! They were right. THEY WERE RIGHT!

Slowly, the fear of what would happen sort of dissipated and funnily enough, all of a sudden he didn't care about, well, anything anymore. After all, being in their company was what he wanted, was it not? And Shawn, dear, gorgeous Shawn, had shown him the way. Once again, his... his master, had helped him.

For the umpteenth time, he looked at his phone. The damn thing just wouldn't ring.

It was easily three in the morning when the four boys left the Russian girls' apartment. There weren't many people around anymore. They felt satisfyingly dirty. In dire, DIRE need of a cold shower, for sure, but damn, it was worth it! They had even more fun than the night before.

"These 'trips to the mountains' should happen more often, guys!" said Mark sarcastically, strutting with his hands stuffed in his jeans pockets. They were heading towards the venue where they'd been a few short hours earlier.

"Yeah, no kidding!" Alex replied while the others chuckled. It was pleasantly warm outside, a change of pace compared to the stifling heat during the day.

Jesse noticed a blonde girl with a familiar look among the people on the patio of the club. She was talking with a couple of friends and looked pretty wired. The boy smirked.

"Should I call him, guys?" asked Shawn, pulling out his phone.

Alex yawned and nodded while Mark stretched, saying "Yeah, I'm pretty beat."

Shawn was about to dial the number when Jesse interjected.

"Hang on!"

He was staring intently at that girl, and the others followed his gaze, trying to understand what he had in mind. Shawn recognized her and snickered.

"Don't know about you guys, but my junk is all sticky and sweaty," Jesse informed them. Laughter behind him, then various murmurs of agreement "I think we should have our little whore friend over there lick us aaaaall clean, what do you say?" the boy asked sarcastically.

"Word!"

"Amen, bro!"

"Fuck, yeah!"

They were always on the same page. It felt so good to have that kind of close friendship. They laughed heartily as they walked towards the New York girl they had smashed the night before.

Music was still coming from the club and some people were still dancing. Poor Marissa didn't notice them till they were on her. She jumped slightly when Jesse's sly voice whispered in her ear.

"Hey, gorgeous!" The New Yorker who had begged to be gangbanged by them a few hours earlier turned to look at them, completely drunk. She smiled happily.

"Hi, Jesse!" The boy smiled back as the other three sneered and approached her like a pack of wolves.

"Missed me?" The dark-haired latino took her chin as she was nodding blissfully. He brought his face less than an inch from hers and said in a sweet tone, almost as if whispering words of love, "...listen, my friends and I need this pretty little mouth of yours..." He stuck his thumb between her lips and she immediately started to suck on it. He snickered, "...what do you say, can we use it?" She giggled stupidly, then nodded with a

mischievous little smile. He smiled back, "Yeah, that's what I thought!"

The four boys jeered, then took her by the hand, and she followed them towards the bathroom.

Francis woke up with a startle, awakened by his phone buzzing. He answered immediately, his heart faster than usual.

"Hello?" His voice was a bit drowsy, and Shawn noticed it right away.

"What the fuck, bitch? Were you asleep?!"

"N... no, no, I was just..." Francis was already panicking, trying to find some sort of excuse, but he was cut off.

"Slaves don't fucking sleep on the job, bitch! They wait till their masters call, stupid!" Shawn's voice wasn't even trying to hide the obvious sadistic amusement the straight boy was feeling.

"No... of... of course I... really, I wasn't... I was just..." He tried to be convincing but the laughter and the loud voices in the background were a bit distracting. The most raucous seemed to be Alex's.

"Just fucking clean all of it not just the tip, slut! C'mon stick your tongue out! Thaaaat's it! Aaaaaall of it! Hehehe!!!" Francis immediately pictured the scene in his head and couldn't help feeling jealousy of a random 'slut' whose mouth had been chosen for a duty he would have killed to perform.

"Well?" Shawn barked on the phone and Francis snapped out of it and resumed talking.

"...I... I swear I was just waiting for your call..."

"You lying to me, slave?" Shawn asked, snickering.

"N... no... Sir, I would never..." Francis replied frantically.

"Sir?! Haha! I like that, bitch!" Shawn cackled.

"Yes, S..."

"Fuuuck! Licking balls is your fucking calling, slut!! Who taught you to do that?" Alex's amused voice was still loud on the other side, mixing with the laughter of Francis' other masters. Even Shawn was cackling.

"Hey, listen fag! We're almost done here! Come pick us up in front of the place where we left you!" Shawn told him. Francis was about to respond, but Alex's voice distracted him again.

"Whose balls taste better, slut? Huh?! C'mon it's gotta be me, right??" Yuuuuuuummy balls, right?!?! Hahaha!" The baby voice the Asian jock was making, combined with the words he was using, were humiliating beyond belief. God, Francis wanted to be that 'slut' so badly. The boys were cracking up and it was very difficult to concentrate but Shawn's voice shook him.

"Hey! Did you get that?!" The straight boy was annoyed now.

"Yes, yes! Of course, Sir! Got it, I'm on my way!" Francis cursed himself in his mind.

"Good slave! And hurry the fuck up!" and with that, the most handsome boy on Earth hung up.

Francis started the engine and obeyed.

The newly enslaved college student parked right in front of the club. He couldn't see them. He looked around, terrified that he might have gotten the location wrong. The very few people that were still around were so wasted he instantly abandoned the idea of asking them if they had seen his masters. But that feeling of loss didn't last very long. The bar doors swung open and there they were, oozing swag with every step. Handsome, cool, masculine, virile, butch alphas in the truest and purest of senses. Everything that he was not. Such proud and contented grins lit their attractive features as they were chatting, jeering and laughing rowdily, pushing and punching each other for kicks, as boys do. Francis swallowed hard as he watched them head towards him. When they noticed him they got even louder in their mocking.

"Well, look who's here! Our faithful little slave bitch!" boomed Mark, sending shivers down Francis's spine. Someone turned to look at them, but none of them were sober enough to even remember their own names which made Francis feel slightly less uncomfortable.

"Hi," muttered Francis bashfully.

"What was that?" Jesse said provocatively, leaning in and cupping one of his ears. "I don't think I heard you right, slave!" He emphasized the last word in such an overplayed manner. The others went along with it and looked at him expectantly, sniggering cockily. Francis

hesitated for a couple of seconds, realizing he had made a mistake.

"I'm sorry... good evening, masters," he then said a bit louder, bowing his head.

"Fuck yeah, that's what I'm talking about!" replied Jesse.

"Yeah, bitch, I don't think saying 'Hi' to us is gonna cut it anymore, you know?!" quipped Alex.

"No shit! I wanna hear 'Sir', everytime you open your mouth, like you did with Shawn on the phone, fag!" Mark piled on.

"Y... yes, Sir! Of course, Sir!" answered Francis.

"Now, c'mon! Do the bitch pose you like and come greet your masters with a little kiss! C'mon bitch!"

Francis was rather confused by that statement and not completely sure of what he was supposed to be doing. The bitch pose 'HE liked'? But he knew better than to argue or even ask, it would only make things worse and Shawn was looking at him. He hesitated again for a couple of seconds. Way too long, apparently.

"Well?! Any time this year, fag?!?!" Shawn's voice hit him like a whip and his knees almost bent automatically.

He placed his hands on the dirt road and crawled to them because obeying was the only thing he was born for so at least he had to be great at that! Their dusty sneakers were right in front of them and it wasn't too hard to guess what Jesse ment with 'a little kiss'. He lowered his face and placed his lips on the tip of each of their shoes and gave them a light peck amid their cackles.

"Hahahaha!!! Good job, slave!" The mockery and condescension in their voice was so thick even he was amused. "Now, that's how a fag bitch slave says 'hi' to straight guys, get it?" Jesse asked.

"Yes, Sir!"

"Good! And don't you fucking forget it!" the handsome latino added.

"No Sir!"

"Isn't he supposed to say 'thank you' everytime he does something for us?" Alex asked, smirking down at him.

"Tooooootally!!!" said Jesse.

"C'mon, bitch! Thank us for letting you kiss our shoes!" Shawn's voice again. Completely overwhelming.

"Yes, Sir! Thank you Masters for letting me kiss your shoes!"

"Thaaat's what I'm talking about!" sneered Alex.

"Yeah, we're so good to you, bitch! We even let you be our slave! That's a small price to pay to be part of our little group, isn't it?" It was Shawn again. Anything that guy said made perfect sense to Francis, every single thing.

"Of course, Sir! I'm so grateful!! Thank you!!" the slave said with renovated passion which, of course, sent the four boys into hysterics.

"Hahahaha!!! You're fucking welcome, faggot! Hahaha!" cackled Mark.

"Alright, guys, let's go back to the shithole, I'm zonked!" Shawn then said stretching loudly.

.

"Yeah, same here!" Alex echoed.

"Gimme my keys, bitch!" ordered Jesse holding out his hand.

"Of course, Sir!"

"Hey, what do you say we stuff the fag in the trunk? There'll be more space for us!" suggested Mark as they

were walking (well, the straight boys were walking, the fag was crawling) towards the car.

"Fuck, yeah! He shouldn't ride with us anyway! Don't want his faggy germs in my car!" Jesse quip was awarded with more teenage cackles. Freddy kept crawling behind them.

"Guys, guys! Don't be mean!" Shawn said in the most sardonic voice "Let's hear what the slave says!" they all turned to look at Francis "Well, bitch? Where do you wanna ride?" Shawn asked, sneering and it was obvious that there was only one reply Francis could actually give.

"In the trunk! Please put me in the trunk, Sir!"

More laughter.

"Hahaha! And why do you wanna ride in the trunk, slave?" asked Shawn.

Francis swallowed hard before saying "Because I don't deserve to ride with straight men... I... I'm inferior to them..."

The roar of laughter was even louder this time.

"Hahaha! Took you long enough to say it out loud, bitch!" said Shawn "But I'm proud of you! You totally have a knack for this slave thing, you know?"

Francis took all their taunts and humiliating remarks without replying. He had never been so fucking hard in his entire life. What the fuck was wrong with him?

Mark opened the car trunk, looked Francis in the eyes, and amid the laughter said "Come on, doggy!! Hop in!!" The others burst out laughing, again clutching their stomachs. This was so incredibly entertaining to them.

"Y... yes, Sir..." he mumbled and climbed into the trunk of Jesse's Jeep.

The last thing he saw were their four handsome smirking faces.

"You'll be fine, fag! You'll see!" Alex said to him. Then a loud thud and complete darkness. He heard the car doors open and close, and the muffled voices of his masters reached him.

"Hahahaha! 'Yes master', 'thank you master'! Hahaha!!"

"Did you see that?! He's so fucking pathetic!"

"I know, I told you he was gonna be perfect for..."

But the rest of their comments were drowned out by a loud roar. Jesse had started the engine, and it seemed

to be right underneath Francis. A tear escaped from the gay boy's eyes, but he pushed the rest back down. He adjusted the annoying hard-on that simply wouldn't go down. What a mess. It was one thing to talk himself into accepting that this was his role in life and all the narrative Shawn had so clearly explained, but it was another thing was to actually live it. It was painful, exciting, humiliating, thrilling, degrading, arousing all at the same time. Francis sighed as the car began to move.

The journey wasn't very long but predictably uncomfortable. The college sophomore didn't remember there being so many potholes on the road back to the apartment. It kinda seemed like Jesse was aiming for them on purpose. Maybe he was. Suddenly, the roar ceased, but it continued to echo in the boy's ears. He started to hear their voices again. They got out of the car and then opened the trunk door.

"How was the ride, slave?" asked Shawn with a smile.

Francis' answer was a predictable "It... it was great, thank you master,"

They snickered of course. Why did it feel so good when they did that to him? Degrade and humiliate him. Why?

"Come on, get out, we're here." ordered Shawn, shaking his head, amused. Francis placed his feet on the ground, and without even giving him the time to react, Alex reminded him of his status. With a kick in the ass, he sent him face-first into the dirt.

"Slaves shouldn't be walking in front of their masters! Remember, you're a dog!" bellowed Alex and Francis got back up on all fours while they laughed.

"I'm sorry, masters!" was the prompt reply from Francis's now completely subjugated mind.

"Get your ass over here, fag!" Shawn said to him. They were waiting for him a few feet away from where he was on all fours, in a semicircle, like a firing squad, in front of the apartment front door. Francis obeyed and looked up at them "Now, lift your front paws like a good doggy!" another pause while he was doing what he had been told "Perfect! Now open your mouth, come on!" Francis swallowed hard but obeyed. Once more he could guess what was coming.

"Stick your tongue out and tilt your head back!" This time it was Jesse's voice. Francis obeyed again as he watched them unzip their pants. After a few seconds, he had four perfect, gorgeous, veiny soft cocks pointing at him menacingly. He began to pant from excitement. Fuck, he really was a dog.

"Thirsty? Hahahahaha!!!!" Mark's words hit him a split second before their warm piss. He welcomed the taste like an old friend and began to swallow as much as he could. He had done it on their first night there, after all, only this felt so much better. It was hard, mind you. He had to gulp it down every two, maximum three seconds since those four hoses were relentlessly shooting gallons of his steamy yellow fag drink. It was never ending! His face was completely drenched, as was his shirt, because his masters weren't just making him drink it. No, that wouldn't have been entertaining enough, of course.

"Your greasy hair is fucking gross, slave! Here you go, wash it! Hahahahaha!!!!" said Alex and Francis closed his eyes to avoid injuring them. "Come on! Get that shampoo going, whatchu waiting for!? Hahahahaha!!!!" Alex's beautiful Asian features were sporting such an amused smirk. Francis started to massage his head amidst their mocking comments. There wasn't a dry inch on his body

"Yeah, you needed a good shower, slave!! What do you say?" sneered Shawn.

"Thammmaaar..." he tried to answer but some piss went down the wrong pipe and he started to choke.

The boys, of course, watched him double over coughing and laughed their balls off.

"Dude, he's so fucking pathetic!!! Hahahaha!!!" Mark was cackling louder than the others.

They went on pissing on his back, emptying their bladders and enjoying the last few laughs of what had clearly been such a fun night for them.

After a while, the streams of piss weakened, and Francis slowly caught his breath. He hurried to whisper: "thank you for your piss, Masters..." It came out as a wheezing, breathy rasp but they acknowledged him.

"You're welcome, fag! Anytime!" Jesse snickered. "Now that we've marked you outside and inside you are officially this group slave bitch! Happy?"

"Y... yes, Sir..." Francis responded to the handsome latino.

"That means you belong to us from now on, got it?!" Shawn explained.

"Yes, Sir..."

"Not just for kicks, for real! You got that, right?" Shawn's smirk was to die for.

"Yes, Sir, of course... thank you... thank you..." the college boy kept whimpering out of both excitement and dread.

The straight high-school graduates all snickered wildly as they tucked their manhoods back into their underwear and zipped up.

"Alright, time to catch some well deserved z's, boys! We got plenty of time to have fun with him!" Stated Shawn.

The others turned around amused and began to file into the house, but he remained there looking down at Francis, like a true master does his dog. The boy's smirk had shifted to a different kind of strange, knowing smile.

"I just wanna make sure that you actually got what we're saying, fag. You are our property now." Shawn said, in the quiet night air "We can use you in any way we want. Matter of fact, you're not even human to us anymore, you understand that, right? You're a dog. No! You're less than that!" Shawn mused "More like an object. Yes! A toy, that's what you are!" It was probably the most important life lesson Francis had ever gotten. "And we're gonna play with you as much as we want! Is that clear? Those eyes. How could Francis ever disagree with him?"

"Yes, master."

"No turning back, this is your life now!"

"Yes, master."

Shawn's smirk was back, showing off his perfect teeth. After a few seconds of silence, as they looked each other in the eyes, Shawn simply said to him:

"Goodnight, slave." He kicked dirt towards the kneeling fag, covering him in dust.

"Goodnight, master," Francis murmured, his voice broken by tears.

Then Shawn turned around and followed his straight friends, leaving him broken and alone, like the dog he was.

The light of dawn was bright enough that it just wouldn't let him keep sleeping. Which was actually fine. After all, Francis didn't have any right whatsoever to continue sleeping. As if! The fag slave brought a hand to his face to lessen the brightness and slowly opened

his eyes. Desert, sand, dust, a few shrubs. This was the view that had greeted him every morning in the last four days, since his masters had explained it wasn't right for him to sleep with them in the vacation house they had rented. That was a place for humans, and he obviously wasn't one anymore. He was starting to doubt he had ever been one since, as fucked up as this whole thing may be to someone else's eyes, it now made sense in so many ways for Francis. So he was sleeping outside, lying on a dusty tarp behind the house. Like a dog. Five days since that memorable peeing ceremony that had made it official. A slave. That word had always sounded so... old... definitely from another time; a dark one, for sure! Now he was one. For all intents and purposes. A slave to be used, humiliated, to have fun with, but nothing more. No human rights, only duties. Obey without ever talking back, that's what he had done since then. Oh, sure, in theory there was nothing that chained the college student to the straight boys' whims... except there was. Spending time with them and being treated that way by them had completely changed the way his brilliant brain saw things. So he had NOT disobeyed them, he had NOT run away, he had NOT called his sister to vent because he did NOT want to. And he was pretty damn sure that he wasn't going to. Like ever. He had cried of course. A lot in the first couple of days as a matter of fact. Gallons of tears. Sometimes even in the presence of his masters, which had predictably caused fits of uncontrollable cackles. Then, one night he had stopped

doing that. He had had enough and started thinking about something Mark had said to him while slapping his fag face with his foot.

“Why the fuck you crying, faggot? Those better be tears of fucking joy cause this should totally make you the happiest fucking queer in the world! You get to serve all four of us till we get bored with you! Can’t you see how lucky you are! This is the only reason you were born for anyways! Might as well fucking enjoy it!”

The newly indentured college boy kept hearing that phrase over and over again, in his head, obsessing over it. And the more he thought about it, the more he couldn’t find a single thing that was wrong in the blond stud’s words. Then, two questions popped into his mind. ‘Is this really going to be my life from now on?’ Now deep down in his conscience, he feared he knew the answer to that one. He hated doing all those horrible, horrible things, but if it was them making him do it... well, that was a different story.

The second question was ‘Am I ok with it?’ And the answer was a definite yes. He was okay with it. He was more than ok with it, actually. He had NEVER been this horny, EVER! In the last week he had jerked off more times than his entire life combined, every single time thinking about them kicking his face, pissing in his mouth, spitting on him, calling him every possible name in the book and making him lick their sweaty feet.

It was like all his darkest fantasies (fantasies he had never even known he had) had come to life. He liked being in their company, he liked being humiliated by them, he liked everything, because in a way, he was part of the group, wasn't he? And above all, of course, he was hopelessly in love with Shawn. Not in a normal way, though. He was completely and utterly subjugated by Shawn's presence and existence. What he felt for him wasn't far from the need to worship. And it was strong, way stronger than love. So strong, in fact, that it was worth enduring everything they did to him just to see a smirk on his divine face.

He sat up, lifting his face from the dust. The chain around his neck jingled, and he hurried to silence it. God forbid he woke them up so early, they would kill him. Relief washed over him when he heard no sign of the masters. He slowly got to his feet, holding the chain with both hands. They had tied him to a post behind the house, with a padlock for which they kept the key, of course. The chain was a good 50 yards which gave him more than enough liberty to move freely around the house. But nothing more. It had been Alex's bright idea and it had turned out to be highly amusing for the whole group because not only did it ensure the fag couldn't escape while they slept, but they also got themselves a nice leash to tug and pull. Francis's neck hurt. He passed a hand over the irritation he had, but the chain was so tight it nearly strangled him.

He stretched and yawned in perfect silence. The clothes he was wearing were filthy. As they should be. They had pissed on him the night before, as always. It was their favorite amusement, their "goodnight kiss." He stank like a urinal all over. So gross. He needed to clean himself up. The four high-schoolers who owned him allowed him to wash in the morning. Not for his well-being of course, but because they didn't want him around them if he smelled too bad, and rightly so.

"Come on!" he told himself as he headed for the water hose behind him. He stripped naked and washed his clothes first with a piece of soap so old it was fossilized. Once his t-shirt, shorts and underwear were hung to dry he washed himself thoroughly. It felt so good to feel the cold water on his skin. He took slightly longer than needed, enjoying the sensation. He then brushed his teeth with a toothbrush his masters had carefully stepped on and rinsed his mouth from the hose. There. He was ready for a new day as a slave. He dried himself and carefully went inside the house completely naked. In less than half an hour his clothes would be dry and clean and he could cover himself so as not to gross his masters' out with his pathetic, laughable dicklet, if you could even call it that.

He went down on all fours; It was the rule, him not being human and all, and he began his daily fag chores. He moved slowly to avoid making the chain jingle too loud and headed towards their room. The

smell of male testosterone was overpowering and, he had found out, a very powerful drug for his brain. He took in the spectacle his eyes got to feast on every morning. A spectacle which reassured him and reminded him why he submitted to all this. The perfection of four semi-naked bodies cradled in the utmost bliss of those naturally gifted youths who seemingly didn't have a care in the world. He allowed himself well over a minute to enjoy the best moment of his day. Then he looked around. Their clothes were scattered everywhere on the floor, the room was in complete chaos, as it was every morning. He gathered all their sneakers for his daily routine and closed their door to let them enjoy their well deserved sleep

He went to the kitchen and set the eight dusty shoes on the floor. Then stood up and took a glass of water he placed on the ground and crouched down again. He picked up one of Shawn's shoes. He always started with his, a pair of Nikes so worn out that the logos had almost faded. He opened the shoe and buried his nose into it, filling his lungs with a strong, masculine, revolting smell. A smell he loved with all his being. He remained there for twenty seconds. Those were his orders. He had been told he was still in training and they couldn't allow him to forget their scents. Then he emerged from that foul abyss, stuck out his tongue, and began cleaning the shoe by licking away all the dirt and dust accumulated from walking around in a place like that. Every two licks, they had told him, he had to

swallow to clean his tongue. Then, at most every ten, he had to take a sip of water to rinse. Francis was grateful for this precious gift because, really, it was the only time of day he could drink something other than their piss.

Yes, because, sure enough, the four straight boys had completely stopped using the house toilet for their 'liquid needs'. Every drop of golden piss they produced had to be drunk. Every single drop. No exception. Well, one, really. The evening fag shower they so kindly allowed him to have because that was for their own entertainment after all. In fact, they had placed a small plastic bucket outside the house door, a 'fag trough' as they called it, which they used to relieve themselves and, every single morning, they had to find empty, right outside their bedroom, ready to be filled again. Francis hadn't managed to finish all their piss the night before and had left some for this morning. What was stopping him from throwing the piss away and pretending he hadn't broken the fag laws? Again, his own brain. Nothing else. So he was, indeed, going to drink it, but only after cleaning their shoes. He didn't wanna get them dirty.

He carefully lapped clean the tip of Shawn's sneaker, then the side, on all fours like a dog. The thought of standing up and maybe sitting on a chair didn't even cross his fag mind anymore. After a couple of minutes, he examined his work. He smiled. He put effort into

everything he did, always had. He drank a sip of water and rinsed his mouth, swallowing with relief. Then turned the shoe upside down and with his tongue now all nice and clean, began licking the sole.

Alex's dream was interrupted by a light, wet tickle on the sole of his left foot. The Asian jock came to, smiling even before opening his eyes. He stretched, quite theatrically, enjoying the service. He put an arm behind his head, tensed his chest and sculpted abs, arched his long, fair-skinned feet, wiggled his toes, and yawned.

Then he looked down and saw the grateful eyes of the hungry little queer peeking out from behind the sole of the foot this pitiful lowlife was diligently slobbering over.

"How is it?" Alex asked with an amused, yet sleepy voice.

"It tastes so good, master... thank you for letting me do this, Sir..." came the prompt reply.

So fucking eager. The handsome high-schooler chuckled softly. He spent a few more minutes watching the fag, placing one foot near his mouth and then the other, sticking his toes in his mouth, letting him wash

them thoroughly. It was hard to believe how much this pussy yearned to be humiliated. Of course it was funny as fuck, but the power they had over him was hands down the dopest thing ever! He finally bent his knees, pulling them away from the fag's face, and scratched himself crudely between the legs.

"Wake the others, and hurry the fuck up! We gotta hit the town."

They took turns pissing into the fag trough and filled it almost halfway between loud yawns and morning grunts. Shawn was the last one. He shook his dick a few times when he was finished then moved to the kitchen, sitting across from Jesse while Mark was pressing the fag's face to the floor with his foot. Shawn's lips curved into an evil smirk.

"Why am I crushing your fag snout, slave?" The slim jock asked calmly while running his fingers through his blond locks.

Francis squinted from the pain but replied instantly.

"For no reason, Master, just because you feel like it, Master. Thank you for the time you spend training me, master!" he said it all in one breath, and everyone burst out laughing.

"Hahaha!!! Good, I see yesterday's kicks taught you the lesson, faggot!! Hahaha!!!" Mark continued cheerfully.

"Yes, master, thank you for punishing me, master!" the slave contorted his own mouth, desperately trying to kiss Mark's foot which, of course, called for more jeering.

Finally Mark kicked his face away pretty roughly and sat down for breakfast. Francis got to his feet in less than two seconds and started serving them the food he had prepared.

Everything was delicious. As usual, he had worked hard for them. They stuffed their mouths, chatting and joking among themselves, completely ignoring him as if he were part of the furniture. This morning's topic was music.

"Dude, I'm telling you! That band is fucking sick!" Jesse stated, and the others agreed, still chewing "They're playing in L.A. in August I think. We should totally go, guys. Tickets are fucking boujee but it's worth it."

"I'm out, bro! I'm dead broke, I'm gonna have to work my ass off this summer. My mom said she's done coughing up money." Alex said, rolling his eyes, then muttering 'bitch'.

"I can cover you, bro! No sweat!" Mark interjected, shrugging.

"Nah, it's alright, man! You guys go, though!" Alex replied, handing his plate to the fag to get a second serving of eggs.

Shawn looked at the dog, obediently doing what he was born to do. He mused. An idea was forming in his mind. He swallowed the piece of crispy bacon he was chewing while considering it. Could they really push it that far? Only one way to find out.

"Hang on!" he said and everyone else turned to look at him. "Hey, bitch! If I'm not mistaken, that cocksucking sister of yours told me you've been working at the dean's office for like two years now, that true?"

Before the fag could answer the first smiles were starting to appear on the straight boys' handsome faces. It wasn't hard to guess what Shawn had in mind.

"Y... yes, master, it's true... for two years," the fag replied bashfully, looking at his god in the eyes.

"Then you must have some cash saved up, right?" Shawn continued, calmly.

"Yes, master, that's right."

"Problem solved, then!" Shawn smirked, "YOU will pay for our tickets." It was a statement, a done deal, zero room for compromising. The expression on Shawn's gorgeous face completely levelled Francis, whose poor, subdued personality simply couldn't do anything but nod enthusiastically.

"Yes, Sir... of course..." the slave mumbled.

"Fuck, yeah! That's what I'm talking about!" boomed Jesse as Mark and Alex were laughing in triumph "Alright, bitch! I'm sending you the link, do it now."

It took them a couple of minutes to decide on the seats while Francis waited on his knees, by their feet. Of course they picked the best ones and when Francis clicked on the 'Pay Now' button, a whole grand magically disappeared from his bank account and four tickets to a band Francis had never heard of popped up into the straight boys mailboxes.

"Hahaha! Thanks, fag!" snickered Alex, looking down to the slave.

Francis felt the need to lean forward and kiss Alex's foot, tenderly.

"Of course, Sir..."

"Aaawww! Look at that, our little faggot is in love with your foot sweat!" jeered Mark, then put his own foot on the slave's head "Don't tell me you love it more than mine, bitch!"

The two straight boys slapped the fag's face around with their feet while Jesse cackled. But Shawn's mind was still working.

"Hold up, guys!" He said "I think we can do better than just a lousy concert ticket." His three friends were smirking at him curiously "Hey, fag! Get your phone and log into your account, I wanna see how much is in it."

There was a moment of silence as Freddy swallowed hard, the boys' naked feet still firmly on his face.

"Y... yes, Sir..." he mumbled awkwardly as he fished his phone out of his shorts. Once logged in he handed his phone to Shawn.

"Over 13k, niiiiice!" sneered his sister's boyfriend. Everyone there knew where this was going and no one better than Francis. "You guys all have Venmo?" Shawn asked his three friends. They all nodded and Shawn went for the jugular "Awesome! Send us 3k each, now faggot! Slaves don't need cash, we'll spend it for you."

Francis couldn't believe how hard this whole money extortion had made him. It was so fucking pathetic. It wasn't even a matter of what he was gonna answer, that part was a given, but the fervor and zeal that was bursting inside of him was worrying.

"Y... yes, Sir..."

The second he replied his four masters cracked up and started hollering in incredulous satisfaction.

"Hahahaha!! I can't believe it, bro! He's fucking sending us his cash!!!" Alex cackled. "You just made my summer a little better, fag!"

"Good job busting your ass for the last two years for us, fag! Hahaha!" added Jesse right after receiving his part with a notification.

"I... I'm happy to do it, masters..." Francis replied with no free will left.

"Good! You should be!" Jesse said softly. Those brown eyes of his seemed to reach right into his soul. "After all, you belong to us now, so everything you have is ours! Right, guys?" He asked his friends who all replied with different variations of assent 'Word!', 'You bet!', 'No shit!'

"Y... yes, Sir... you're right, S..."

He didn't finish, Mark slapped his face with his foot, snickering: "Stupid faggot!"

"Th... thank you for kicking my face, Sir..." Francis hurried to kiss the foot that had just hit him which sent the boys into hysterics.

"You're fucking welcome, queer!"

The boys went back to ignoring him completely and resumed their conversation. Francis was breathing heavily as he served them the rest of the food he had prepared.

It was almost impossible to think straight since all of his blood was pumping, restlessly towards his already rock hard dick. He had never, EVER been so turned on before and a fearsome battle inside him was raging on now.

He had just thought of something, after Jesse's comment. 'You belong to us, now so everything you have is ours'. The hunky latino was absolutely right and Francis's brilliant mind was now feeling the urge to speak, even though a feeble voice in the back of his head was desperately screaming NO, NO, NO, DON'T DO IT!!!! But he had to do it. He just had to, they were his masters after all and it was their right to keep taking his money... 'wrong, you fucking idiot! THEIR money!'.

He closed his eyes and with a mixture of blissfulness and giddiness, he surrendered to oblivion.

"Masters!" he interrupted the four teenagers' banter with a voice a bit louder than he should have dared. The boys all turned around, frowning a bit, like it was a nasty bug who had just spoken.

"The fuck do you want, faggot? Can't you see we're fucking talking?" Shawn said as he yanked his chain, hurting his neck.

"I'm... I'm so sorry, Sir... I just wanted to ask you... actually beg you to keep taking all my future paychecks..." the slave blurted out "It's not much but I'll talk to the dean as soon as we get back and ask him to make me work there full time. He won't say no to me which means I should be able to make around 3 grand a month and I wanna give it to you... like all of it..." was whining and moaning like a bitch in heat "Please, take it..." he leaned forward and started kissing Shawn's feet "Take it all, please..." his kissing become more passionate as a roar of laughter exploded in the room.

The boys high-fiving each other but mostly cackling uncontrollably.

"Fuck, this fag is beyond pathetic! Hahaha!" Said Jesse.

"Word, bro!" replied Alex enjoying the moment tremendously.

Shawn got up from his chair and stepped on the fag's face, pinning him to the ground. "Hahaha! Sure, you dumb fuck, we'll take your fag money!" he snickered.

"You bet! Every fucking penny!" snorted Alex stepping of the fag's stomach "You know, on second thought, I don't think I'll be working at all this summer, you queer..." his Asian features were perfect. He put his other foot on the fag's chest, using him as a surf board "...I'll totally chill with my bros, scratching my balls and spending all the money YOU'RE gonna bust your ass for!" the other three cheered him up with 'fuck yeah, bro' and Alex slapped the fag's face a few times with his foot "That should make you suuuper happy, right?"

"Y... yes... Sir... so... happy... thank you... thank you, Sir..." Francis's words were punctuated by Alex's foot slaps. That made them laugh even more cruelly. Yet the college boy meant every syllable wholeheartedly. He was indeed happy to be cashraped by these highschoolers. He didn't even know the word existed but that's what it was. And his dick was so hard it was starting to actually hurt.

"Gotta say this bitch is being a really good slave, guys!" said Mark pulling his blond hair back.

"Best I ever had!" quipped Alex, still slapping the fag's face.

"Haha! Totally! I say he deserves a reward. What do you think, bro?" Jesse asked Shawn with a meaningful smirk on his handsome face.

Shawn snickered and said "Suuuuure!" in such an exaggerated tone "Let's see, what can we do to him?" mused the young master "You already got to lick our feet, drink our piss, clean after us, cook for us, be our fucking maid and our little ATM... mmmm..." they were all snickering uncontrollably "You're already living the life, faggot! Hahaha!"

"Y... yes... Sir..." Alex's foot wouldn't let the fag snout's rest.

"Uh, I got it!" said Mark "Why don't you let 'im lick the sweat off your balls?"

The fag's face lit up like a fucking Christmas tree. He was sticking his tongue between Ale's toes but he started to whimper which, of course, sent the straight boys into hysterics again.

"Would you like that, fucktard?" cackled Shawn "Lick the sweat of my balls as a reward for giving us all your fucking fag cash?"

"Yes Sir! I... I would do anything for that, Sir!!!" Francis's eagerness fueled their degrading guffawing.

"Hahaha! Well, too fucking bad, piss tank! Fags don't get to lick my junk, that's what your whore sister's tongue is for, hahaha!" said Shawn mercilessly and all of a sudden Francis looked like his fucking puppy had just died.

"Aaaawww! Look, what you've done, bro! Bitch gonna cry, now!" Alex sneered.

"Yeah, don't be mean, man! Let 'im lick something, c'mon! Haha!" Said Jesse.

"Fine, fine!" said Shawn rolling his eyes, clearly amused "Guess I got something for you to lick, pig!" he stood up "Let him up, bro." he told Alex and as the fag got up to his knees, his sister's boyfriend turned his back on him, lowered his boxers and spread his ass cheeks "Gotta do it before I shower though, cause I'm sure now it tastes like fag heaven, right pig?"

The straight boys were laughing their balls off again like a pack of hyenas. They were positively having the time of their life humiliating him and that, for sure, contributed to Francis's crazy horniness, but it was nothing compared to Shawn's sweaty ass five inches from his watering mouth. How could such a disgusting thing make him feel like he had just won the lottery?

He was about to thank Shawn and tell him that he couldn't wait to taste his ass but Jesse planted his foot on the back of the fag's head and violently pushed his face into his buddy's ass. And suddenly, the world was perfect. Francis started licking instantly, like his life depended on it and he knew there was no other place on Earth he would have rather have been or no thing he would rather have been doing. Shawn had just hit the nail on the head! 'Fag heaven' he had called it and, boy, was he spot on! Right there and then was the perfect moment to lick his asshole clean from the shit he had obviously taken the night before, and all the sweat his young and athletic body had produced through the hot and suffocating Mexican night. The stench and the fowl taste were something the slave would have done ANYTHING to keep having for the rest of his life. It was kinda like a drug, really. He firmly felt like he was getting high on it. The whole experience had sent him to another dimension. He had shivers all over his body and even the roar of laughter that surrounded him kinda sounded far away because, to put it simply, he was in his happy place. 'Fag heaven' indeed! Hell he positively felt like he had just been granted the honor of a lifetime.

Alex and Mark were holding their stomachs as Jesse's foot kept the bitch in place. Not that there was any need whatsoever.

"Well? Isn't this better than just licking feet, fag?" Shawn asked him, turning his head back, but his response was a muffled 'mmmmmmmmmm' which sounded so comically eager that it predictably obtained that exact same effect. Francis was lapping and slobbering on that asshole like a starving beast, making sure to savour and swallow the insane amount of spit his fag brain was inevitably producing.

"Wait, wait, I think I got a little present for you!" Shawn said, touching his flat stomach and making a face.

"Dude, you're not about to..." chuckled Alex but a long, loud fart echoed in the room.

"Aaaaahhh!!! Take that and enjoy it, you fucking homo! Hahaha!" said Shawn. As if on cue, everyone went crazy with fits of uncontrollable cackles. Jesse accidentally bumped his fist into a glass of juice, spilling it on the floor. Alex and Mark did the same with the cereal box, a couple of half eaten pieces of toast and a plastic plate with eggs and bacon. Everything scattered all over the old, cracked, sticky green tiles. But no one cared. The stupid faggot in the room had just let a cocky straight boy fart in his mouth, sending the gay rights movement back centuries. And he hadn't just let him. Oh, no, the bitch had eaten that fart, gratefully. Needless to say, he had been a champion at it, too. He hadn't coughed once, he had kept licking that highschooler's ass with all the hunger and honest joy a fart-eating queer should

have. His head was in a complete haze but, somehow, he doubtlessly knew that being the reason for their laughter made him feel like he finally belonged. As crazy and fucked up as that might have been, it was true. Sure, it was a little bitter-sweet, because the defeated rational part of his brain was still there somewhere, trying desperately to tell this brilliant academic that this was wrong. Even though every fiber of his body was screaming at him that this was simply not right, it was the only way he could ever live from now on.

"Alright, that's enough! Wouldn't wanna spoil you, hehe!" Shawn slapped the fag's face a couple of times, chuckling, and as his tasty ass escaped the fag's tongue's reach, the subhuman loser couldn't help feeling a pang of sadness and an unyielding urge for more. The straight boy pulled up his boxers and turned around. He had his perfect smirk plastered on his face as he grabbed the chain around the fag's neck and yanked it again.

"Hey! I just farted in your fucking mouth! What do you say, faggot?" he barked.

"Oh, god, thank you... thank you so much... That was unbelievable, master... I... I have never felt anything like it..." Was the naively, heartfelt honest answer the fag gave and the straight boys, of course went on laughing their balls off.

"Fucking fairy!" sneered Shawn and spit on his face, right in one of his eyes. How could Francis ever have thought he was the same as this boy standing in front of him. It was clear as day that he was inherently inferior, in such a tragic way that even comparing himself to him or even any of his friends was ludicrous.

The brown haired, handsome jock slapped him hard, for no reason other than to keep cackling with his homies, then he pushed his head away roughly and Francis fell to the floor.

"Haha! That's right, stay down there! That's where you and all your cocksucking breed belong, faggot!" Shawn said as he stomped on the fag's face. Then:

"C'mon, guys! Let's get ready!"

The four of them left him on the kitchen floor, tongue out, still trying to recall the taste of Shawn's ass. His heart was pounding and Francis suddenly realised he had cummed in his underwear, almost explosively. He couldn't pinpoint the exact moment but probably the fart had to have pushed him over the edge. He was a mess but he felt so good. Spent. Completely. But good. Better than he had ever felt before. Having a purpose does that to you.

The jocks returned after a few minutes, dressed and wearing the shoes he had lovingly cleaned for them. They found him in the same position, his face worn out, but with a kind of foolish smile on his lips.

"Hey fag! Your breakfast is on the floor, why aren't you eating it?" Jesse said, pointing to the food they had knocked over during their fits of laughter.

"Yes, master," the physics graduate hurriedly replied. He began to lick the scrambled eggs off the filthy floor. "Mmmmm! Thank you masters!" he told them.

"Good job, doggy! Gotta keep your strength up! Hehe! And if you get thirsty, here's a little something for ya." Alex whipped out his dick and started pissing in the fag trough next to the door.

"Thank you, masters..." the fag replied and resumed licking while listening to the soothing gurgling of the Asian boy's stream hitting the bottom of the plastic bucket .

The highschoolers exited through the front door one by one, chuckling happily, patting each other on the back, as cheerful as ever due to the brutally entertaining show they had just watched. Shawn paused on the threshold, though, and looked back.

"Damn, you really are disgusting!" he said to him. "Do you realize how fucking low you are, fag?" he told him with a smirk.

"I... I think so... Sir..." the other replied.

"Do you? Good! Then I want you to really savor this moment, slave! How does it feel to know you're officially not human anymore? Cause I think you finally got it, didn't you?!" he told him maliciously.

Francis lifted his head and looked at him. Suddenly, unexpected tears streaked his face. He was unable to speak, and Shawn continued to smirk at him.

"Why the fuck are you crying, now?" the younger boy asked cruelly "You let me do this to you because you know that this is the only reason you were born for. This 'life'..." he made quotation marks with his hands "...is even more than you deserve, you fucking freak! You should be fucking grateful that people like us even let you live!"

The slave nodded, attentive to every word from the boy's hypnotic mouth.

"Look at us, we're young, hot, smart and straight, we can do whatever the fuck we want and we'll always get away with it scott-fucking-free, wanna know why?" Shawn continued relentlessly.

The fag nodded again, eager to actually know.

"Because there will always be some dumb sissy like you we can take advantage of and exploit however the fuck we want! That's the truth! We just have to know where to look. Think you're the first fag I turned into my personal bitch?" The handsome boy snorted "News flash! You're not! I was still in junior high when I started bullying fags into doing my homework, my chores, fetching me stuff, paying for my shit and you know what they got in return? My bros and I beat them up pretty much daily! None of them snitched on us, ever! They simply took it like the subhuman mutts they were. And once I got bored with them I simply ghosted them. And every single one of those bitches kept looking for me for more! I can't even remember their faces while they're probably still jerking their little clits in front of my fucking altar and that's exactly how it should be cause they don't fucking matter! I do!" It was such a precious and educational conversation and a private one at that, because the other three masters were horsing around in the veranda. The slave was completely fawning over the straight boy's every word "And you're even lower than them. Fuck! I could shoot someone in the fucking head, point blank, right now and make you take the blame for me and you would do it, you know you would! You would fucking spend the rest of your sorry excuse for a life behind bars, knowing that I got away with it and it would even make your

queer ass happy as fuck! Hell, you would even thank me! That's how pathetically low you are! Am I wrong, faggot?"

The slave swallowed hard before whispering an almost inaudible "No, Sir..."

The triumph on Shawn's face didn't really need any words.

"Hehe! Well, guess you ARE good for something, then." the straight boy commented, amused.

"Th... thank you, Sir..." the fag smiled up at his master who cracked up again.

"See what I mean, faggot?! Hahaha!"

"Dude, what's the hold up? We're sweating our balls off out here!" Alex shouted.

"Coming, bro!" replied Shawn and spit on the floor right in front of the fag who instantly started to lick.

"Hehe! Enjoy the rest of your life, fag! Hehehe!" Shawn said, giving him one last disgusted grin before slamming the front door and joining his friends.

Francis heard them talking loudly, laughing rowdily and then the sound of the Jeep's engine. All the while he

never stopped licking the tile where his master had spit. His rationality had clearly vanished, making way for his desires, for his true self to manifest. Fucked up? For sure. That's a mild way to describe his current mindset, but he truly and honestly felt stupidly and blissfully happy. His corrupted and submissive mind had finally cracked and the only thing the voice in his head kept saying was: "He let me lick his ass... that was such an honor... master cares about me..."

Epilogue:

"Hi, babe!" Julie jumped into her boyfriend's arms, kissing him passionately. Jesse had parked in front of her house to drop off Francis.

"Hey gorgeous, missed me?" Shawn bit her lower lip and grabbed her ass.

"Yeah, like crazy! Next time I'm going too!" she purred.

"Hey, c'mon, babe! This was a guy thing, you know how it is!" Shawn kissed her neck playfully and she giggled.

"Yeah, yeah!" she said rolling her eyes "Thanks for taking Francis with you, it really means a lot to me."

"Ah, it was nothing. And I gotta say, your brother cracked us up, babe!" He replied. "Can't remember the last time we laughed our ass off so hard!" he turned to Francis, who was getting out of the car, and smiled slyly, "This trip wouldn't have been the same without him, for sure! Right guys?"

"Totally!"

"Hell, yeah!"

"Word!"

Julie raised an eyebrow in surprise. Alex, Mark and Jesse also greeted her as she moved towards her brother and hugged him affectionately. She made a face and wrinkled her nose:

"Woah! I think you need a shower, Fran!" she said. Francis was a bit embarrassed and mumbled 'sorry' as the jocks started to laugh.

"We told him the same thing, Julie!" Mark said "But he wouldn't listen, says he wants to smell like a real man! Hahaha!!"

Francis laughed, knowing he had to, so as not to ruin that perfectly subtle game of humiliation his masters liked so much. It wasn't hard since he didn't just like it, at this point, he needed it.

"Did you guys break my brother?!!" Julie joked, rolling her eyes again.

"Not yet but we're working on it!" quipped Mark, winking at Francis.

"Whatever!" Julie replied then she turned to her brother "Well, did you have fun?"

Francis looked at his masters for a fraction of a second.

"It was the best trip of my life!" he declared convincingly. "Thank you, guys, really, thank you," he continued, now addressing the four smirking high schoolers.

"Hehehe! Anytime, buddy!" Jesse told him. "Now that you're part of the gang, you won't get rid of us!" he continued, disguising with a joke an absolute, overwhelming, beautiful truth.

Francis smiled back at him.

"See you in the morning for training, remember?" continued Alex, barely hiding a smirk. Julie frowned slightly but didn't comment.

"Yes, of course... the training... see you tomorrow then..." Francis stopped before saying "masters". He was so used to it by now that addressing them with such a casual lack of respect didn't feel natural. It wasn't right, they should have punished him for that. But his masters just waved him off.

"Alright, babe! We're outta here." Shawn kissed Julie and was about to make plans to see her later, that night, but she purred again:

"You know, my parents aren't gonna be home for like three more hours... wanna stay?"

He smirked and said "Did you miss my dick more than you missed me, babe?"

She gave him a look and mumbled 'Idiot' but she was smiling. Then her phone suddenly rang and she said she had to answer so she excused herself for a minute.

Francis remained there with the four of them.

"Your whore sister never disappoints! Hehe!" Shawn whispered and the others snickered. "Tell you what, I'm gonna go up to her room and fuck her brains out and I

want you to listen from your room, every moan, every time I slam my dick into one of her holes, think about how you'll never get to taste this, EVER, faggot." he said grabbing his crotch "And when I'm done pounding her and my balls are all empty she's gonna lick me aaalll clean like the obedient little cocksucker she is and YOU are gonna drive me home, bitch. How's that sound?"

Francis smiled at him, gratefully.

"Yes, Sir... it sounds perfect, Sir!" Francis whispered back as the four boys were snickering. They probably would have rubbed it in some more but Julie came back apologizing and Shawn kissed her passionately. She giggled, kinda stupidly and quickly started pulling Shawn by the hand towards the house.

The jock said 'catch ya later, guys!' and his three friends left. Francis followed his sister and her boyfriend towards the house, silently, like a dog. The straight boy's hand was grabbing her ass and Francis started getting hard.

And then his master turned around and gave the fag exactly what he needed. That indescribable look he loved so much. A cocky, arrogant, devilish sneer that said everything about what Shawn thought of him. That simple gesture made his day.

He already missed Tijuana but he wasn't worried. No, he was gonna get so much training over the next four years at least. The college years, the years in which, it had been decided, he would give his campus apartment to master Shawn and master Jesse and live happily with them, without a care in the world. Probably sleeping on the floor or whatever but it didn't matter, did it? Because HE didn't matter. THEY did. They were gonna make all his decisions for him because, finally, he understood the complete truth behind their precious, meaningful words, fully and willingly accepting the rightful place that the universe, in its immense wisdom, had assigned to him.



About the Author

I've always loved reading and writing stories. I started with erotica about 15 years ago and I love it even more now. Domination is my field, I love it in all its forms as long as the dominating characters are young straight boys. My stories are not for everyone, I understand that. Always remember that are work of fiction, there's nothing true in what I write. They're just fantasies that somehow make me horny. So enjoy my words but don't take them too seriously.